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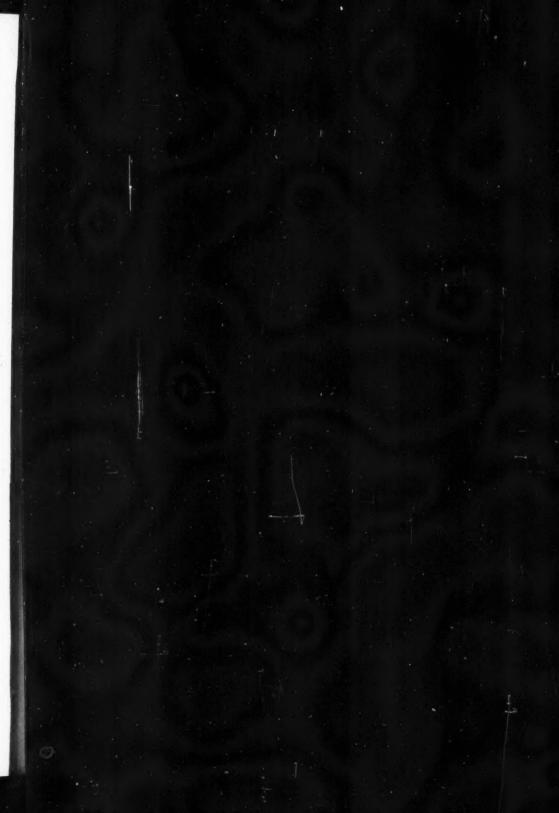
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MISCELLANY. .

"FOUNDERED."

GAILY she sailed from the northern port, in the dawn of the April day, When the sunrise touched the Nab's black

crest, and blushed over Whitby Bay.

Father and two bold sons were there, as blithe as the morn all three. said, "does aught go wrong with thee?

"What ails thee, mate," to the fourth they By the birds that swoop round Kettleness, there's fish where our lines we set, And the brave new coble springs to her work,

as no boat has served us yet."

"Ay, the coble's tight and strong enow, an' I know what the sea-gulls mean, But I left my missus bad up there," and he glanced at the headland green,

Where a red roof hung like a marten's nest, and his bold brown eyes grew dim; With kindly cheer and honest jest, his fellows heartened him.

Or ever the sun was high at noon, the bright blue sky was black,

The wild white horses tossed their crests over the gathering wrack;

Over the grey seas fast and fierce, through the clouds of flying foam, The squall swept on from the cruel east - the

boat was far from home.

Three women watched from the great pier head, through the black and bitter night: One lay and shivered to hear the blast, as it

rushed o'er the rocky height, And nestled closely to her side lay her little

new-born son, While the women said, "He'll be back to see, long ere the day is done."

But ever the pale cheek flushed and burned, and ever the eyes grew wild; She bade them take the babe away, "for he'll never see his child."

Many a boat in bootless search flew over the lessening waves,

Many a keen eye strained its sight, from the Head with its crowded graves;

But the April days, in shade and shine, passed

in a deepening pain, And never over the harbor bar came the Whitby Lass again.

Hope sank and rose, and sank and died; the fishermen knew at last,

That from deep-sea harvest and busy staithes, four gallant "hands" had passed.

They found the boat on the flowing tide, ere the year to winter grew Her sails were rent, her block was jammed, her strop was half cut through.

That was all to tell of the desperate strife that for life and death they made, Who sank to the depths of the great North Sea, with never a hand to aid.

All The Year Round.

"WEARY."

WEARY! weary! Oh that some soft breeze Would nurse me weary on its hurrying breast,

And coursing lightly o'er the moaning seas, Whirl me to rest.

Weary! weary! all the sunny noon Toiling! and ever, when the hope seemed high

Of some sweet solace that had charmed me soon,

Seeing it fade and die!

What though for comfort by the wild wayside, Sweet flowers are waving dainty buds on

If that one flower, my darling and my pride, Bloomed but to die.

Weary! weary! in a vision shown Sweet angel faces that might have soothed my pain, Dear angel love that might have been my own,

But all untimely slain.

Weary! weary! but when the allotted part Of joyless life be spent and noon be past, Even the weary, broken, battered heart May find a rest at last. OSCAR BOULTON. Temple Bar.

BIMETALLISM.

WHEN Clara's little golden head Is lifted up to greet you, Fred, If every kiss of hers secures Just fifteen and a half of yours,
'Tis plain, a constant price for gold In poorer metal can be told. But if she rather, as I guess, Deals you her kisses, more or less According as she judges you Deserve them plentiful or few; A precious thing, you're forced to say, Is worth whate'er one's forced to pay. Or if your richest merchandise Seems poor and worthless in her eyes, So that the most that you can give Can't win you wherewithal to live, Then Clara may your want supply Not as of debt, but charity.

W. H. S. Academy.

From The Nineteenth Century. LITERATURE FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

THE kindly reception accorded by most critics to my two previous papers on "What Boys Read" and "What Girls Read," encourages me to lay before the public my views on yet another branch of this question of literature for the young. My justification for this is the abiding interest which the character of the books written and published for their children must always possess for parents. In the present instance I shall endeavor to give some idea of the works which have been produced for the especial edification of the very little ones. The inquiry is extensive and peculiarly important. If to determine what works shall be placed in the hands of a boy or girl of fifteen gives the mother and father anxiety, what shall we say of the difficulty they must feel in choosing a book for the babe? The teens are an impressionable period, but the period which a child has lived before it reaches its 'teens is not only impressionable, but charged with the gravest potentialities. It is almost a truism to urge that the child whose future is to be moulded definitely between the ages of thirteen and twenty will be capable of higher or lower motives in proportion as his first appreciable contact with the world has tended to the noble or the base. With what kind of work, then, shall the parent elect to open a child's ideas? To whose productions may we turn in the full confidence that they are unexceptionable in spirit and in letter?

At the outset it may be admitted that mothers have much to be grateful for in the books published for their children. The highest artistic and literary talent is, and has been for a long time, devoted to their production. There have been works written with a view to the wants of not too imaginative parents when the baby asks to be told a story; there are works which the babe may be expected to read itself; there are works also, composed chiefly of pictures with only a very small portion of letterpress, with which children may amuse themselves to their hearts' content. The season of 1886-87 was marked in several ways. In the first place there | Unlike that for boys and girls in their

were some happy combinations. Hallam Tennyson and the late Randolph Caldercott jointly produced a version of "Jack and the Beanstalk." Miss Lizzie Lawson and Mr. R. E. Mack collaborated in two sweet works called respectively "Christmas Roses" and "Under the Mistletoe." Mr. Frederic Weatherly and Miss J. M. Dealy labored together very successfully in "The Land of Little People," as did Mr. E. Leckey and Miss J. Berkeley in "Fairy Folk," whilst a unique partnership was struck up between Miss Kate Greenaway, with her fantastical and shortwaisted but becoming children -"Kate Greenaway" children they are always, rather than children of nature - and Bret Harte in "The Queen of the Pirate Isle," a melodramatic name covering an amusing story. In the second place, numerous works worthy of special mention appeared. Mr. Harry Furniss turned his powers to account on behalf of children in "Romps all the Year Round," Mr. Gordon Browne started a series of "Old Fairy Tales," Mr. Walter Crane contributed to the annual fare "The Baby's Own Æsop," and the S.P.C.K. issued a mutilated and nearly worthless edition of "Robinson Crusoe." If children are not able to read "Robinson Crusoe" as Defoe wrote it, they will gain little by having it written down to them by Miss Mary Godolphin. A daughter of Mr. Hughes, the author of "Tom Brown's Schooldays," entered the field of children's literature with "Madame Tabby's Establishment;" Jessie Greenwood, whose name the booksellers insisted on confounding with Miss Kate Greenaway's, made her début in "The Moon Maiden;" the Hon. Margaret Collier published "Prince Peerless," a book remarkable chiefly on account of the pugilistic propensities of its fairy folk; Mrs. F. H. Burnett won golden opinions on both sides of the Atlantic by her touching and beautiful story of the precocious little American who suddenly became the heir to an English earldom, "Little Lord Fauntleroy;" and Dr. Samuel Cox opened up a comparatively new vein in "The Bird's Nest," a book of sermons for young and old.

teens, literature for the very young has a considerable history, and fully to appreciate its merits in the present some knowledge of its past is necessary. A prominent place among books for the little ones, of course, has been and is occupied by fables and fairy stories. Æsop's fame in the nursery is so great as to appear almost as fabulous, at least in its historic aspects, as the themes of which he treats. It would be an interesting and far from uninstructive inquiry for some one, who could give the time to it, to attempt to determine the influence which Æsop, or rather the marvellous collection of fables associated with the name of Æsop, has had on the minds of men. Throughout the ages, in the midst of ignorance and superstition, in the homes of rich and poor alike, Æsop has secured a place. It would be an endless task to enumerate the editions through which he has passed or the various methods in which it has been sought to lav his teaching before the nymphs of the nursery. Even now only two others can claim to storm that particular section of the household with anything like equal success -Grimm and Andersen. Wolf and Pilpay and Bechstein, their virtues notwithstanding, cannot be compared with Grimm, Andersen, and Æsop in popularity. One or other of the latter is almost certain to be selected by parents among the first books placed in the hands of their chil-The secret of this favor is that fairy stories and fables are regarded practically as engines for the propulsion of all the virtues into the little mind in an agreeable and harmless form. Æsop is distinguished first by brevity; second, by the manner in which his moral is generally hung in an epigrammatic and easily to be avoided form at the end of his narrative. Though Grimm's and Andersen's works are also intended to convey some moral, it is left to the child to digest this in the spirit as it digests the story in the letter. Contentment and modesty are the two attributes which Grimm or Andersen may be expected to inculcate. Over-estimation of self is constantly pointed out by Æsop as a source of failure. Grimm shows in many ways how, by being dissatisfied with what we have, we risk even

that. The truth to be extracted from Andersen nearly always amounts to this: "Whatever your lot is, make the best of it, and do not selfishly pine for things which it has not pleased God to give you." Aspiration, according to Andersen's tales, is not very wise nor very often realized. "Tin soldier," said the goblin in "The Brave Tin Soldier" - and the goblin's remark points the direction of Andersen's thoughts in most cases - "don't wish for what does not belong to you." To do so, as the event proved, is to bring disaster on one's head. Andersen has recently been edited with rather too special a view to the requirements of young people by Mrs. H. B. Paull.* The most handsome and valuable edition of "German Popular Stories"† by the brothers Grimm is unquestionably that edited by Edgar Taylor, introduced by John Ruskin, and illustrated by George Cruikshank.

The days, however, when fairy stories and fables - "Cinderella," "Blue Beard," "Red Riding Hood," and "Old Mother Hubbard" - were the chief if not the only literary resources of the nursery have been long passed. During the last one hundred and twenty years we have boasted some sort of literature for children, but it is only within the last quarter of a century that this literature has deservedly assumed a high place in the public regard. The ordinary story for children may be said to have dated from "Goody Two-Shoes." To a facsimile reproduction of the edition of this work of 1776 Mr. Charles Welsh has supplied an instructive preface, in the course of which the names occur of some children's books of the eighteenth century. An idea of their character may be gleaned from their titles. "The Valentine Gift, or How to Behave with Honor, Integrity, and Humanity: very useful with a Trading Nation." "The Easter Gift, or the Way to be Good." "The Renowned History of Giles Gingerbread, a Little Boy who Lived upon Learning." These books of Mr. Newbery's are said to have been instrumental in laying the foundation of a love of read-

^{*} Chandos Classics, Warne & Co.

[†] Messrs. Chatto & Windus.

ing in Southey, and so were not altogether devoid of use. "Goody Two-Shoes" was originally designed by Goldsmith or some one else for the benefit of those

Who from a state of Rags and bare, And having shoes but half a Pair, Their Fortune and their Fame would fix And gallop in a coach and six.

There is a great deal in "Goody Two-Shoes" that, properly edited and revised, might be made of interest to children in the present day. The work is full of quaint suggestions, the moral of the incidents enumerated being treated much after the fashion of Æsop. For instance, Margery is locked in the church one night, and is startled by some creature whose cold touch may well have sent a shiver through her little frame. Her visitor turns out to be a dog, which had followed her into the building. To the account of her adventure a reflection is appended.

After this, my dear children, I hope you will not believe in any foolish stories, that ignorant, weak, or designing people may tell you about ghosts, for the tales of ghosts, witches, and fairies are the frolics of a distempered brain. No wise man ever saw either of them. Little Margery, you see, was not afraid; no, she had good sense and a good conscience, which is a cure for all these imaginary evils.

After "Goody Two-Shoes" the next work of importance was "Sandford and Merton," which appeared in 1783. This book deserves attention for two reasons: first, because it has run "Robinson Crusoe" harder than any other work of the eighteenth century particularly affected by children; second, though it was not, perhaps, exactly a model to be followed, it was at least a source of inspiration to later writers. It was the first book for children in which moral contrast, which was pushed to so extreme and almost intolerable a verge at the end of the last and the beginning of this century, was availed of unsparingly. Harry Sandford and Tommy Merton are two boys diametrically opposite in birth, in breeding, in virtue, in every characteristic of life. Sandford is the son of a poor man; Merton is the son of a rich man. Sandford is

tious; Merton is cowardly, mean, lazy, and possessed of an exaggerated idea of his own importance. Mr. Day, the author of the work, as Mr. Cecil Hartley said nearly forty years ago, was opposed to the enervating system of fashionable education practised in his time, and "determined to stem the torrent that threatened to sap, overwhelm, and destroy all the nobler energies of man's nature." "Sandford and Merton" was an instrument towards the accomplishment of his object. No one can deny the power of mind and soundness of heart which Mr. Day threw into his labors. But, whatever its merits in the eighteenth century, the book is not suited to the requirements of the nineteenth, and the strange thing is that it has lived so long. It has not that peculiar personal charm which will make "Robinson Crusoe" famous for all time, and Sandford, in his virtue, becomes something of a tiresome prodigy of Evangelism. The work is quaint and interesting rather to the historian than the general, and especially child, reader. Children in the habit of perusing any one of the authors who cater for them in these days, would hardly appreciate so amusingly ancient a form of conversation between boys as that, to give only one example, which results from Tommy's losing his ball and ordering a little ragged boy to pick it up. The latter having taken no notice. Tommy asks him if he did not hear what was said.

"Yes," said the boy; "for the matter of that I am not deaf."

"Oh! you are not?" replied Tommy; "then bring me my ball directly."

"I don't choose it," said the boy.

"Sirrah," cried Tommy, "if I come to you I shall make you choose it."

"Perhaps not, my pretty little master," said the boy.

"You little rascal," said Tommy, who now began to be very angry, "if I come over the hedge I will thrash you within an inch of your life."

and Tommy Merton are two boys diametrically opposite in birth, in breeding, in virtue, in every characteristic of life. Sandford is the son of a poor man; Merton is the son of a rich man. Sandford is courageous, good, industrious, unpretentation.

be read by parents rather than their chil-

About the time that "Sandford and Merton" was working its way into public favor two ladies - Mrs. Barbauld and Mrs. Trimmer - were writing for the little ones. The "Lessons for Children" and "Hymns in Prose for Children," which the former published, had, at the end of the last century, according to Mr. R. L. Edgeworth, "a prescriptive pre-eminence in the nursery." These books were certainly popular, and sufficiently so to induce two French gentlemen to undertake to translate them into their own language. Mrs. Trimmer wrote curious little lessons for small children. Here is a specimen: "Frank Gilbert gave George Lunn a goose. 'Here,' said he, 'take this for a friendly gift.' 'Thank you,' said George; 'I will accept it, and feed my wife and children with it.'" She also gave her own edition of "instructive fa-bles" from Æsop, in which she showed her consciousness of the habit of children by reminding her little public: "When you read a fable, take particular notice of the moral." To this generation Mrs. Trimmer is known only as the author of "The History of the Robins." In this there is nothing unusually meritorious. It has a double object: it aims at teaching children, by the example of the redbreasts and their little ones, "to use industry, avoid contention, cultivate peace, and be contented with their condition;" inculcating humanity by the conduct of Harriet and Frederick Benson, who so carefully look after their feathered friends. Mrs. Trimmer's work contains just those faults which were characteristic of children's books in the last century. "The History of the Robins" might certainly have been more carefully written, but the pomposity of its tone, though strange to the present-day ear, was merely a phase of the earlier forms of English nursery stories. The book is innocuous, and may at any rate be praised for its humane sentiments and its tendency to make children considerate in their treatment of dumb creatures. I have taken pains to learn the kind of verse and prose supplied by Mesdames Barbauld and Trimmer, and though they may have many weak points, and are not exactly suited to the last quarter of the nineteenth century, I cannot understand Charles Lamb's overpowering objection to them. "Hang them!" he wrote to Coleridge in 1802; "I mean the cursed

evils of a too luxurious education, it must | all that is human in man and child." It is interesting to note that the same old-world pomposity of style which disfigures Mrs. Barbauld characterizes Lamb's own "Tales from Shakespeare."

Contemporaneously with Mrs. Barbauld, Dr. Isaac Watts devoted a large portion of his very valuable time to indit-ing "Divine Songs for Children." Into these he infused much of his own philosophic learning, whilst availing himself of the very simplest language. Nature figures constantly in these "Divine Songs," and the spirit of a large number of them is conveyed in the following lines: -

I sing the wisdom that ordained The sun to rule the day; The moon shines full at His command. And all the stars obey.

A note of patriotic thankfulness is sounded in some verses on birth and education in a Christian land.

'Tis to thy sovereign grace I owe That I was born on British ground, Where streams of heavenly mercy flow And words of sweet salvation sound.

Most of Dr. Watts's refrains are directed against the evils of bad company, pride, lying, cursing, scoffing, and idleness. Some, however, are of a very solemn character, and, despite their beauty, I should doubt the wisdom of placing in the hands of little children those of his songs which treat too seriously of religion, life, death,

heaven, and hell.

The best-known writer for children "sixty years since" was Maria Edge-worth. Around no name has a controversy more bitter raged than that of the author of "The Parent's Assistant." Miss Edgeworth was, to say the least, a strong-minded woman. She had her own opinion of the wants of children and parents, and she prosecuted it relentlessly. The cleverness of much of her writing is unquestioned. But she marred her abilities by her bigoted belief in the accuracy of her own views and methods. She was one of those persons who take an objection to one extreme and headlong rush to another. She disapproved of sermonizing fictions for children, and cried for "action! action!" The result was that in her stories for children she was concerned almost exclusively with incident. The contrasts of her characters were always violent. This violence, which was more apparent in her stories for children than in those for their elder relatives, was in many of them the only thing which pre-Barbauld crew, those blights and blasts of vented them from being intolerably tame.

l'ar and the boy of truth; "The Orange-Man" with the honest boy and the thief; "The Cherry Orchard" with the doings of good-tempered Marianne and ill-tempered Owen, her cousin. "Simple Susan" shows how, while Susan was simple, industrious, and cleanly, Barbara was not only conceited, mean, lazy, or untidy, but a young lady who "could descend without shame, whenever it suited her purposes, from the height of insolent pride to the lowest meanness of fawning familiarity." The only end which contrast can profitably serve is reform. Miss Edgeworth's characters never seem to me to reform. The bad must remain bad throughout and take the consequences of their misbehav-There is no pathos, no humor, little true sympathy in these children's stories. "Simple Susan" has been regarded as a touching narrative, and Sir Walter Scott is somewhere said to have declared that "when the boy brings back the lamb to the little girl there is nothing for it but to put down the book and cry." The great novelist evidently did not regard Miss Edgeworth's work from the same high standard that a grateful public and severe critics alike regarded his own. Many passages of Miss Edgeworth's suggest that she was largely inspired by "Sand-ford and Merton," and her work would have been more successful had she made an effort to show, albeit in her own way, that it was the duty of children who might be bad to endeavor to imitate the good, as Tommy Merton in time comes to imitate the example of Harry Sandford. Neither had Miss Edgeworth the same faculty for sketching character in children as in adults or older people. In their relation with children, too, Miss Edgeworth's fathers and mothers are faulty. They always seem to be laying petty traps for catching their offspring in errors - a course which is, above all, likely to destroy that faith in parents which Miss Edgeworth is anxious to inspire.

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Another name which it is necessary to mention in connection with the earlier forms of children's literature is that of Robert Bloomfield, the author of the famous ballad "The Farmer's Boy." In 1817 Mr. Bloomfield wrote by way of preface to a small volume called "Davy's New Hat," which he was then publish-

ing:-

The longer I live the more I am convinced never talked with a man or woman of fifty which hardly fitted him to be regarded,

"The Little Dog Trusty" deals with the | years of age without hearing that what they have read in their infancy was very inferior to the juvenile publications of later days.

If we were to take "Davy's New Hat" as a specimen of the improvement made in children's books up to the end of this century, we should indeed form a poor opinion of its predecessors in this particular field. The fact that such a story, so poor in incident and so deficient in compensating literary touches, should have obtained any popularity at all, is evidence of the want felt of some kind of literature for children and of the deficiency in Mr. Bloomfield was more the supply. successful in "The Birds' and Insects' Post Office," published for the first time in 1880, under the editorship of Mr. Walter Bloomfield, by Messrs. Griffith & Farran. In this volume a heap of natural history is taught by means of letters interchanged between the various birds and insects, describing their doings. In "The Horkey"—i.e., the Suffolk harvest-home festival—Mr. Bloomfield wrote a ballad for children. Not long ago it was reproduced by Messrs. Macmillan, edited and humorously introduced by F. C. Burnand, and magnificently illustrated by George Cruikshank. From Mr. Bloomfield's day to 1856 no child's story-book of importance appeared. In that year an out-of-the-way sort of volume was published in America called "Curious Stories about Fairies." The first story in this collection is said to be Mr. Ruskin's, and there is much in it which suggests that only the pen of the master can have writ-The often brilliant diction, the ten it. simplicity of the language, and the graphic sparkling beauty of its landscape picturing, show that Mr. Ruskin knew how to practise what he has always preached. "The King of the Golden River" is an ideal fairy story.

The last quarter of a century has been rich in marvels for the nursery. Whilst a literature has sprung up for the older boys and girls, that for babes, or rather the smaller boys and girls, has acquired a tone and undergone developments which carry it altogether beyond anything previously written. In 1863 Kingsley published "Water Babies," and a year after Tom Hood was delighting the world with such works as "The Fairy Realm," "The Loves of Tom Tucker and Bopeep," "Funny Fables for Little Folks," and "From Nowhere to the North Pole." With all his rollicking humor, there was of the importance of children's books. The leging seems to be universal, and I have in Tom Hood an undercurrent of satire

even in those books which he penned | believed he was inspired by Hood. Both especially for them, as a successful writer for children. "From Nowhere to the North Pole "is a work apparently designed to expose the petty tyrannies of which the little ones are guilty in such important matters to them as toys and sweetmeats. Hood aimed at making his work readable equally to the parent and child. In this he somewhat missed his mark It requires an older intellect than one of eight or ten years to appreciate the fun of the Hall of Idle Inventions, and similar shots at human failings and weaknesses which appear in this book. Among these "idle inventions" is a machine for making poetry. Only those who know that Hood opposed vehemently all his life imperfect metres and bad rhymes will see his point. "Poetry," the machinist says, "is not meant to be understood," and hence such lines as the following, turned out by the "Latest Invention for Writing Poetry by Machinery," accomplish their purpose: -

A Song.

Merrily roundelay happiness blue, Sicily popular meet tumtiddy, Popinjay Calendar fiddle-strings grew. Capering mulberry feet tumtiddy.

The extraordinary adventures which Frank undergoes, as a consequence of sleeping on a stomach too full of plum cake, are best told by himself when he is accused of fibbing.

"It's not fibs," he says; "I was invited to Fairydom by Prince Silverwings, and I've been in the insect World and in Teumendtlandt, and in Quadrupedremia, and among the Gingerbreadians, and before the Lord Chief Justice in Air; and I've seen the Learned Frog, and visited the bottom of the sea, and lodged with a hermit crab at number 42, Submarine Villas; and I've been taken prisoner by the Wild Wallpaperites, and then I was carried off to the North Pole by the iron in my blood; and I should have been gobbled up by monsters if Noah had not come in the ark and rescued me.

Tom Hood's works were, and are still, deservedly popular, but they can hardly be called so in the circles for which he intended them.

Between Tom Hood and Mr. Lewis Carroll - to call Mr. D. C. Lutwidge by his famous nom de plume - there is more than a suspicion of resemblance in some particulars, "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland" narrowly escapes challeng-ing a comparison with "From Nowhere to the North Pole." The idea of both is so similar that Mr. Carroll can hardly have been surprised if some people have Wind" and the fund of inventiveness

books deal with the contorted events which figure in a child's dream, and both may be almost equally well described by some lines from the introductory verse of " Alice's Adventures in Wonderland " addressed to those who in fancy pursue

The dream-child moving through a land Of wonders wild and new. In friendly chat with bird or beast. And half believe it true.

Though " Alice's Adventures in Wonderland" and "Through the Looking-Glass" are, of course, undeniably clever and possess many charms exclusively their own, there is nothing extraordinarily original about either, and certainly the former cannot fairly be called, as it once was, the most remarkable book for children of recent times. Both these records of Alice's adventures would be but half as attractive as they are without Mr. John Tenniel's illustrations. Of the two books "Through the Looking-Glass" is the more humorous, chiefly owing to the fact that, after Alice has climbed through the mirror, everything is reversed, and that to reach a certain point it is apparently necessary to walk away from it. Mr. Carroll is an irrepressible punster. "Through the Looking-Glass" contains a pun which is particularly good. Alice is introduced to a leg of mutton. She immediately asks the red queen if she shall cut her a slice. "Certainly not," answers the red queen: "it isn't etiquette to cut any one you've been introduced to." In "Alice in Wonderland" the funniest idea is the little heroine's telescopic physique. Mr. Carroll's style is as simple as his ideas are extravagant. This probably accounts for the fascination which these stories of a child "moving under skies never seen by human eyes" have had over the minds of so many thousands of children and parents.

To Dr. George Macdonald belongs the credit due to a really original worker. A more capable pen than George Macdonald's has never catered for children. Even in boyhood Dr. Macdonald is said to have charmed little audiences by his improvised narratives. His faculty for invention is overflowing in its fertility; his plots are strikingly fresh and impressive. Dr. Macdonald has formed his own ideas of child nature, and in many respects his estimate is sound. But on the whole he, like so many others, soars above the intelligence of children of tender years. The allegorical beauty of "At the Back of the North in "Gutter Percha Willie" will be lost author of "Jessica's First Prayer;" Miss sicians. In their own way they are metaphysicians; but of course they have no knowledge of the science of metaphysics. They are metaphysicians only as every person impressed by place or circumstance is a metaphysician. What Dr. Macdonald has apparently tried to do is to blend fairydom and metaphysics into a sort of whole for the purpose of illustrating the divine order of things. He is a student of nature in every form, and it is difficult to say whether his sympathies are stronger with the only partially revealed truths of the great goddess, or with the trials, the triumphs, and the failures of human life. There are many wholesome lessons to be learnt from Dr. Macdonald's works. Reciprocity of good-will and affection is the surface of his semi-metaphysical ground-plan. How touching is little Diamond's love for the horse after whom he had been named, for his parents, and for the beautiful North Wind, symbol of a higher and purer life as she is; and what a volume of philosophy is contained in Gutter Percha Willie's efforts to master the little difficulties which crop up in his home! He tries to learn shoe-making, and discovers that respect is due to labor whether of mind or hand. He repays the shoemaker by learning to read to him as he plies his needle or hammer. But the most ingenious and even sublime feature of perhaps any of Dr. Macdonald's works is Willie's construction of a small water- may have some claim on older readers. wheel, round which he winds a string which he fastens to his waist, in order that all her aspects, at all times of the night, in all seasons. To say that books with such ideas as these are beyond the nursery is no more to detract from their general merit and beauty than to say that a child of eight or ten would not understand "A Midsummer Night's Dream" would be to detract from Shakespeare's genius. Dr. Macdonald's books are essentially books for all, young and old, who love conscientious workmanship and changing, if not stirring, situations.

With the exception of Lord Brabourne (the Hon. E. Knatchbull-Hugessen), who has written some fairly popolar stories for children, the other writers in this department of fiction are chiefly ladies. Mrs. Emma Marshall has published some good children's stories, as well as girls' stories; Miss Hesba Stretton is popular as the and the idea of a babe fondling the fever-

upon the very juvenile. Dr. Macdonald F. R. Havergal has written volumes unconceives, to a certain extent not inac- der such titles as "My King; or, Daily curately, that all children are metaphy- Thoughts for the King's Children," and "Bruey: a Little Worker for Christ;" A.L.O.E. - that is, "A Lady of England," otherwise Miss Charlotte Tucker - is the author of several stories eagerly read in certain circles, among which appear "Tit, Tiny, and Tittens," and "Fairy Frisket; or, Peeps into Insect Life." Mrs. O. F. Walton is at home in half the nurseries in England. "Christie's Old Organ" is her best effort. Severely religious in tone, it is intended to show the world the necessity of living a life which shall fit its creatures for admission to "Home, Sweet Home," and contains a hymn which has inspired four sermons, and set to music is regarded by many children as an acquisition. "Little Faith" illustrates the text "O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?" It boasts no single element to make it of any great interest to lively and healthy children. "Little Dot" chronicles the visits of a child to newlymade graves, her friendship with the gravedigger, her doubts respecting the body and soul, and her death. "Angel's Christmas" is of a similar order. Such stories, however praiseworthy their aim, can be of little moral help to small children, and may easily be of harm. Mrs. Walton, Miss Havergal, A.L.O.E., and Miss Hesba Stretton all adopt a peculiarly religious standpoint, and almost in proportion as they moralize their works seem to me unfitted for children, though they

Mrs. Ewing's name must be mentioned as that of a lady who wrote for children, he may be called up to observe nature in but I cannot fancy it is among children that her success has been or will live. The philosophic significance of "Melchior's Dream," and the reflective asides of "A Flat-Iron for a Farthing," chief beauty of Mrs. Ewing's books though such points are, are just those characteristics which make them valuable to parents and uninteresting to children. Miss Montuninteresting to children. gomery is the author of one of the worst and one of the best children's stories I have met with. Those who read first "A Very Simple Story" would hardly believe the same pen could produce "The Blue Veil." The former is said to be "a chronicle of the thoughts and feelings of a child." A more cruel and repulsive narrative it is difficult to conceive. It is told without that sympathy which Miss Montgomery in later works showed herself to possess,

revolting as any idea can be. "The Town Crier," "The Children with the India-rubber Ball," and "Herbert Manners" are for very young children, and are intended to teach unselfishness, obedience, and self-control. In "The Blue Veil," dedicated to little people of nine and upwards, Miss Montgomery is at her best. Told with force, humor, and sympathy, the secret of the plot is well kept, and the narrative is simple. There are one or two passages in it that strike me as very unreal, but on the whole it is an admirable story, admirably written. Its moral is double-barrelled. It shows the wrongs of prejudice and curiosity, and the value of mutual tolerance. If children are the metaphysicians which Dr. George Macdonald conceives them to be, they will not fail to press the logic of events home. Whilst they will observe that the little hero Archie Forbes (why, by the way, did Miss Montgomery give him the name of the great war correspondent?) gets into trouble through his curiosity, they will also argue that his curiosity eventually brought him and Phyllis complete happiness. Mrs. L. T. Meade's most popular story for children is "The Autocrat of the Nursery." Mrs. Meade's work has no particular characteristics, but she has a great heart and immense love for the little ones. "The Autocrat" contains many excellent incidents comprehensible to childhood, and there is a good deal of close observation of baby ways in the not altogether unimportant adventures of the four children. "The Angel of Love" is another of Mrs. Meade's babies' stories, containing some exceedingly pretty sentiments, and preaching the great beauty of love among children. "The Little Silver Trumpet "is far-fetched and sensational, and the idea of a brutal and drunken man acting on the advice of a child of thirteen is not quite feasible. Mrs. Meade's stories are exquisitely illustrated by Mr. T. Pim.

I have left till the last any mention of the lady who, by right of merit, should stand first. Mrs. Molesworth is, in my opinion, considering the quality and quantity of her labors, the best story-teller for children England has yet known. This is a bold statement and requires substantiation. Mrs. Molesworth, during the last pervades her work, and her sympathy with six years, has never failed to occupy a prominent place among the juvenile writers of the season. She would probably their little minds, and exposes their foi-classify her more important works as fol-bles, their faults, their virtues, their inlows. For very small children, "The ward struggles, their first conceptions of Adventures of Herr Baby;" for children duty, and their instinctive knowledge of

stricken corpse of its mother is as nearly up to twelve or thirteen, "Carrots," revolting as any idea can be. "The "Rosy," "A Christmas Child," "Two Little Waifs," "Tell me a Story," "Hermy: the Story of a Little Girl," "Hoodie," and "The Boys and I; a Child's Story for Children." In addition to these we have four fairy or semi-fairy tales: "The Cuckoo Clock," "The Tapestry Room," "Christ-mas-Tree Land," and "Four Winds' Farm," and contributions to the Child's Pictorial and Little Folks. Mrs. Molesworth's great charm is her realism - realism, that is, in the purest and highest sense. On this ground her stories of every-day child life are preferable to her fairy tales. This comment is prompted by two considerations: first, fairy stories do not give Mrs. Molesworth an opportunity for the display of her peculiar genius, and she runs into grooves more or less well worn; second, she has written little, except fairy stories, which in some shape or other has not come within her own experience. "I never write from hearsay," are her own words, "and have lived with and among children always." "Carrots: Just a Little Boy," "The Adventures of Herr Baby," and "Us: an Old-fashioned Story" are works calculated to give Mrs. Molesworth's name a considerable place in every mother's heart for many years to come. "Carrots," so called because his baby head was covered with red hair; "Herr Baby," the respectful appellation given to the little adventurer by a German nurse; and "Us." by which comprehensive pronoun a little boy and girl, "six last birfday," came to be known in consequence of their always speaking of themselves as "us," are four of the most loving and lovable chadren in the literary creation. There is much pathos and humor in their small troubles. Though other children as well as "Us" have been stolen by gipsies, few have been shown in their baby misfortunes so naturally. To adult readers the humor of these three books is immense; to baby readers the generally miniature contretemps of Mrs. Molesworth's little people will strike home as matters of the most serious moment. Mrs. Molesworth's children are finished studies. She is never sentimental, but writes common sense in a straightforward manner. A joyous, earnest spirit children is unbounded. She loves them with her whole heart while she lays bare

the right and the wrong of things. She knows their characters, she understands their wants, and she desires to help them. The only sure talisman against domestic trouble she evidently believes to be the absolute trust of a child in its parents. All her stories point the same moral: " Make a confidant of parents, which means generally, of course, make a confidante of This clinging trustfulness between mother and babe is in fact the keynote to Mrs. Molesworth's work. She is an almost infallible guide to the eccentricities of child nature, and analyzes the workings of a child's brain in a manner that explains doubts which the child itself is either incapable or afraid of attempting. The importance of this cannot be exag-Mrs. Molesworth shows how, though it is well to be strict with children, by being too strict parents and guardians may destroy all that is best in a child's character, and lead to even disastrous consequences. On the other hand, if children will exercise their metaphysical attributes - if, that is, they can jump to the true purport of the author's teaching - Mrs. Molesworth's books should induce them to be frank and brave with their parents before all else.

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There is no phenomenon in the literary world of England to-day more striking than the overwhelming supply of really good children's magazines. In some form or other periodicals of this character have flourished during more than a century. In 1799 was published the Children's Magazine, or the Monthly Repository of Instruction and Delight, which ran to two volumes. In 1824 the Child's Companion, which still occupies a prominent place in the hearts of thousands of children, was brought into existence by the Religious Tract Society. During the years 1830-31-32 Ackerman's Juvenile Forget-menot, edited by Frederic Shoberl, appeared These little volas a diminutive annual. umes are thoroughly typical of the didactic child's story of the period, and the only thing worth noticing to-day is "The Ballad," in which Thomas Hood, after testifying to Mary Dunn's resources of song and story, wrote :-

Meanwhile, the tragic tale she told Of Babies in the Wood, And gentle Redbreast, or that bold Cock Robin, Robin Hood;

Will Scarlet and his merry mates, Who Lincoln Green had on; I listened till I thought myself A little Little John. O happy times! O happy rhymes! Forever y're gone by; Few now, if any, are the lays Can make me smile or sigh.

From 1829 to 1837 Mrs. S. C. Hall, who is herself fairly well known as a writer for children, edited a periodical called the Juvenile Forget-me-not. In 1840 Peter Parley made his bow to the juvenile world, and his annual has now appeared without a break for forty-seven years - a record almost unmatched in the history of children's periodicals. In 1852 appeared the Child's Own Magazine, and in 1863 the Children's Prize, which in 1875 changed its title and is now known as the Prize for Boys and Girls. 1866 is marked in the history of children's periodicals by two important ventures, Aunt Judy's Magazine and Chatterbox." The former was edited by Mrs. Alfred Gatty, the author of "Parables from Nature, and other works intended to bring children into sympathy with the marvels of The magazine was afterwards nature. controlled by Mrs. J. H. Ewing and her sister, and came to an end with the much lamented death of the former lady in 1885. Though ostensibly started for little children, it frequently took up a position far above the nursery. Its main feature was fiction, which often assumed the form of an "allegorical or parabolic" tale, pointing "some moral truth." Chatterbox was nearer the mark of the nursery than Aunt Judy. No undue sentimentality characterizes this as it characterizes so many children's magazines, and its editor has adhered firmly to the irreproachable principles which he set forth in his first num-

As there are tears as well as smiles on the cheeks even of children, so, in spite of its lightsome name, this *Chatterbox* will from week to week whisper a few words about the solemn lessons we must learn, and the duties we must try to do to God and to those around us, if we would be happy here and happy in the Great Forever.

Little Wide-Awake first saw the light in 1875, and has always been ably conducted by Mrs. Sale Barker. Little Folks is one of the very few English children's magazines which at all approach in beauty and general merit the American St. Nicholas, or Harper's Young People. Some of the cleverest pens are employed in the writing of stories and drawing pictures for this periodical. Many other children's magazines, such as Bo-Peep, the Rose-

bud, Sunshine, and the Child's Pictorial, appeal with more or less well-deserved success to the jealously guarded precincts of the nursery, but their features are so similar and their number is so large that to mention their names even would be profitless if it were not out of the question.

To form any reliable opinion as to the influence of this ever-expanding literature for the little ones is rendered almost impossible by the difficulty of ascertaining the precise working of a child's mind. We know, as has been admitted, the infinite potentiality centred in a baby brain; precisely the effect any given action may have it is beyond us to determine. Who shall say whether an acquaintance with "Cinderella" or "Red Riding-Hood" has operated beneficially in the mental de-velopment of children? What have the "Arabian Nights," some portions of which figure in the first reading of almost all children, done for them? Have the daydreams consequent upon intimacy with Sindbad or Ali Baba been useful or otherwise? To the mind of a boy of fifteen we know what a bane "Ned Kelly" is calculated to prove. With the child of eight will a perusal of "Cinderella" mean more considerateness towards her weaker sister, or vain longing for the good time when she can revenge herself for petty wrongs? Or, on the other hand, have these stories any abiding effect at all? Is not the moral of any particular narrative lost to children in the interest which the adventures of their small heroes awaken? These considerations, always probably weighty, are enhanced in the light of the circumstances of the moment. The good or bad in one book is largely neutralized by the rapidity with which the consumption of another is undertaken. The plethora of children's stories, in other words, under which the market is laboring is destructive of permanent influence or any tendency to steady application. As their parents read the latest three volumes and throw them aside, so children read the latest story-book and cast it off, probably forever. One young lady of my acquaintance, who has attained the great age of nine, has read, for pleasure, some two dozen books, including several by Mrs. Ewing, Miss Hesba Stretton, Mrs. Walton, and A. L. O. E., and reads some half-dozen monthly magazines. Mrs.

"Evenings at Home" and "Sandford and Merton" were practically the focus of their literary resources.

"You think, I dare say," says Mrs. Molesworth, addressing her small reader, "that it must have been very stupid and tiresome to have so little variety; but I think you are in some ways mistaken. Children really reaa their books in those days; they put more of themselves into their reading, so that, stupid as these quaint old stories might seem to you What nowadays, they never seemed so then. was wanting in them the children filled up out of their own fresh hearts and fancies, and however often they read and re-read them, they always found something new. They got to know the characters in their favorite stories like real friends, and would talk them over with their companions, and compare their opinions about them in a way that made each book as good, or better, than a dozen.'

The outcome of the present regime is that children forget stories almost as quickly as they read them, and Mrs. Molesworth is hardly consistent when she makes Auntie, in "Tell me a Story," explain, after commenting on the piles of clever story-books now written, "Why, it will be the children telling stories to amuse papas and mammas and aunties next" instead of the latter telling stories to amuse children. To know "his fairy tale," or any other tale, "accurately, to have perfect joy or awe in the conception of it, as if it were real," as Mr. Ruskin desiderates, is not possible while children are practically allowed to run loose among the wares of the juvenile bookseller, and graze off every fresh work brought out. The reading of children half a century ago may have tended to narrowness; the reading of children to-day tends to breadth and shallowness.

Fiction for the babes, as the foregoing pages have shown, divides itself into two distinct departments; the fairy tale and the story of life. Whatever there may have been in his own time, there is not at this period much truth in Dr. Johnson's re-mark that "babies do not like to hear stories of babies like themselves. They require to have their imaginations raised by tales of giants and fairies and castles and enchantments." Miss Edgeworth objected to this statement, and her own writings were in fact directed against the reign of the fairies. To an idealist like Mr. Ruskin, of course, the wisdom of Molesworth reminds us in "Carrots" that permitting children to read fairy stories children never think of reading a book cannot be questioned. Fairies are to chiltwice over in these days. Years ago dren largely what ghosts are to adults, and

are in some sort disturbers of childhood's | should give way to the ideal, the imperpeace. They exaggerate natural phenom- fect to the perfect, when it is in the interena; they lack all considerations of proportion in matter; they are destructive of self-reliance. A child who is accustomed to see everything done by the wave of a wand may not unnaturally look to the fairy to support him in one of the crises of his own little life. The important question is: do children believe fairy stories? I do not think they do; and chiefly for this reason. If some one tells them of an extraordinary incident in life, they clap their hands in their delight and cry, "It sounds like a story taken out of a book!" This is strong testimony to their want of faith in fairies and hobgoblins and the other fanciful figures of their literary world. Provided therefore the fairy story is healthy in tone, and, as Mr. Ruskin would wish, in sympathy with the fields and woods, rather than "schoolrooms and drawing-rooms," children can come by little harm in reading them. And if it relieves the dulness of their lives, without destroying their trust in parents, or the sweetness of their as yet unworldly heart, to allow the baby mind to toss itself on the imaginative seas provided by fairy narratives, like a cork upon the sun-reflect-

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ing ripples of a river, is good. Of stories of real life, it may at once be said that they should inculcate one grand absorbing principle - the principle of love; love of beauty and of goodness, as well as of parent and friend. Their character should be ideal rather than real. I can conceive of no story so likely to be both beneficial and interesting as that which treats every-day facts in a light, fairy-like manner — a blend of the two kinds of fiction, in short, in which the real is merged in the ideal, and as the real should only be concerned with the good, goodness would secure the advantage of ideal elevation. On this ground it may be asked whether it is wise to write for children precisely as children speak. Would not Mrs. Molesworth's works serve a more useful end if her children said "dreadful" instead of "dedful," or Mrs. Meade's if her little "autocrat" said "understand" instead of "underland"? essary to do in these days of high press-Though this would deprive the works of ure and sensationalism. The period of writers for children of their most humor- adolescence has its risks, but these risks ous side and their full realistic charm, value as well as in lucidity to the audience with. for which they are intended. The real!

ests of the little reader to do so.

In the rearing of their children, no question perplexes the conscientious parent more than the choice of books - no matter whether they be story-books or picturebooks. No hard and fast rule can be laid down for their guidance. No list of books however worthy can prove of the least avail. Experience is the only safe guide. Parents study the composition of a particular meal intended for the baby stomach; but they seldom devote more than a passing thought to the likes or dislikes of the baby mind. Readers of biography are frequently reminded of the effect which a certain piece of literature exercised upon the mental development of the subject of a memoir. Nothing seems more certain than that if the mother and father were to watch the feelings aroused in a child by the different sorts of books first placed in its hands, they would be able to give it literature of a kind which would help to mould its mind into a graceful whole and give strength to its weaker parts. Thus, they ought to be able to counteract a disposition to sentimentality or pessimism by vigorous and optimistic narrative; optimism or feverish nervous energy might find healthy qualification in stories of a mildly philosophic character. The emotions of which a child is capable are so ingenuously evinced that nothing ought to be easier than for parents to determine the sort of fiction likely to be most useful. Let a child read stories of whatever character it likes. If experience shows that a particular kind of fiction is calculated to do harm, do not fly to its antithesis for a remedy. Compromise the matter by giving the little one a story similar in subject matter, but so modified in tone as to prove innocuous. Parents may take it for certain that, if they adopt proper measures at the outset, they will deprive reading of the great danger which it possesses for the young. Start the child on the road of honor and truth, and prepare its mind for the inception and comprehension of sound principles. That is what it is necwill be small or great in proportion as those works would gain in educational their source is wisely or unwisely dealt

EDWARD SALMON.

From Murray's Magazine. MAJOR LAWRENCE, F.L.S. BY THE HON. EMILY LAWLESS. AUTHOR OF " HURRISH, A STUDY," ETC. BOOK VI. - THE CURTAIN FALLS.

CHAPTER I.

A SURPRISE awaited Colonel Lawrence at Viareggio. He found that the whole party had left. The weather had got suddenly warm, the landlord of the hotel said. Diamine! the weather generally did get warm in May. It would be a bad business for the bathing season if it did not. The sick milordo apparently hadn't liked it, however. He wouldn't stay any longer, and as he was too ill to travel by train, the doctor and his lady wife had taken him over the hills to the Bagni di Lucca. They had hired three carriages, in one of which the sick milordo had lain at full length; the doctor had gone with him, madama, the little girl and the servants in the two others. Corpo di Bacco, there were servants enough for twenty people! The carriages had just returned.

Upon receipt of this information, the colonel at once enquired into the possibilities of his also being provided with a carriage. This the landlord undertook to produce, and within an hour of his arrival he found himself again upon the road, this time in a little rickety one-horse chaise, gradually approaching the still vaporous

and distant line of hills.

It was a beautiful drive, had he been worthy of it, which he was not. His one idea was to arrive, any how, no matter how, to arrive. Having crossed the first rounded shoulder of the mountains, and changed horses at Lucca, he found himself alternately ascending and descending along the rock-fringed shores of the Serchio. The laburnums were in full flower, golden fountains of blossom tumbling from every crag and cranny. The farfamed chestnut-trees of the region were just attaining full leaf, stretching out um-brageous shelter in all directions. Broken hints of Paradise seemed to come floating in upon every breath, but John Lawrence hardly noticed anything. His one thought was to get it over, and to be there.

He had passed the Ponte del Diavolo, whose perilous arch, tilted at a breakneck angle, spans the river, and was within an hour of his destination, when there appeared another vehicle similar to his own, also containing a single traveller, driving rapidly from the opposite direction. They

season being still early, so that the colonel glanced at the occupant with a passing impulse of curiosity, which deepened considerably when he perceived that it was no other than the excellent Dr. Mulligan. At the same moment the latter, perceiving him, checked his vehicle, and before it had time to stop, bundled out on to the road, and rushed towards him. He was evidently in a state of overbubbling excitement, a crowd of hibernianisms, ordinarily more or less suppressed, tumbling out one over the other in his eagerness.

"If you aren't the man of all others I'm glad to meet, colonel! How did you come to drop here, unless it was from the clouds? Never mind stopping to tell me, though. You're wanted badly. I'm the last man to say a word against a patient; still there are limits, sir, limits, and if he wasn't so bad, which, God help him, he is, he ought to be kicked from this to Banagher, or my name is not Michael Mulligan. But you're the right man in the right place, colonel, no better; poor soul, she wants a friend. Do you know, I was wondering only a minute since if 1'd telegraph to some of her own people. But there, you never know! It mightn't be a bit of comfort to her if they did come itself."

"But what is it, doctor? What has

happened?"

"It isn't to say happened, it's the insult of the thing. Such a woman, too! Upon my life, I believe it's her goodness tempts him. He's always been pretty bad to her, selfish as the very devil, and up to all sorts of underhand games on the sly; but this goes beyond the beyonds."

John Lawrence had all the mind to take the worthy little man by his two shoulders and shake him, since there seemed no other way of getting at his intelligence.

He tried expostulations first.

"For God's sake, doctor, don't keep me in suspense!" he exclaimed pathetically. "What has happened? Is Lady Eleanor

"I beg your pardon, my dear fellow, haven't I told you? I believe my wits are addled. Well, you must know I've been at them these weeks to have a nurse. Any one can see it isn't fit for Lady Eleanor to be with him night and day, and all night and all day too, the way she is, but no, he didn't want a nurse, he said; she'd have red hands, or breathe hard, or she'd wear creaking boots, or do something you know his way! And Lady Eleanor had not encountered many travellers, the backing him up, and saying, Oh, no, they didn't want a nurse, and all the while to say, 'Ha, ha! send me away if you looking as white as my pocket-handkerchief, and not a servant will he let near him, except just to bring hot water. So at last - it was the day after we got to this place - I told him straight out that a nurse he must have, and that if he wouldn't send for one, I would. So he said very well, he'd write and get some one he knew. I thought he was up to some game, for he had that sniggling way with him. However the letter was sent, and no more about it, good or bad, till two days ago, when in she walks as bold as brass."

"She? Who?"

"This Frenchwoman, Mlle. Riaz-a teacher she is by the way of. The servants believe that she had something to say to that fire in the hotel the time you were nearly all burned. That's all gammon, probably, but there are plenty of reasons for not having her besides that." And Dr. Mulligan wagged his head significantly.

John Lawrence was silent; many thoughts were coursing through his brain. "What did Lady Eleanor do?" he asked

presently.

"Deuced little. She got up from where she was sitting beside him, and 'Do you wish this person to remain here, Algernon?' says she, as quietly as I am speaking to you this minute; and when he answered, 'Yes, he did,' she said 'Very well,' and walked out of the room, and has not been there since."

The colonel drew his breath. "Go on,

what more?" he said.

"Devil a word, good or bad, only if she's going to stand it, I'm not. It isn't if she would leave him to miss her. If she would, she'd have him coming round pretty quickly. My gentleman isn't one to sacrifice his own comfort, sick or sorry, I can tell you. It's all very fine to have the woman there, and to fancy his wife's mad with jealousy and the rest of it, so long as he doesn't suffer himself. If it did he'd send Mlle. Riaz packing, as sure as my name's Mulligan. But what does Lady Eleanor do? watches over him just the same, only doesn't go into the room. Sits in that ante-room of a place, and sees that he gets everything he wants, and the minute he wants it. Waits upon the woman herself — be hanged if she doesn't. Takes the tray from the servant, and hands it in through the door with her own hands, and that jade of a Frenchwoman comes and takes it from her, and looks at

dare, my lady! It's my turn now!' As for sleeping, she sleeps less than ever. She takes that child Jan for a walk of a morning, and then back with her, and never leaves the ante-room again. If she hadn't had the finest constitution God ever gave a woman, she'd be in the doctor's hands herself. As it is, she looks like a wraith, though it's mind more than body she's suffering from, I take it. Any how I can't see it. So I'm off to-day to Genoa to see if I can find a decent body who used to be hospital nurse there, and when I've got her I'll exorcise this other by hook or by crook, and be hanged to her! But I'll miss my train, and you'd better be getting on, colonel. You'll find Lady Eleanor out with Jan. Extraordinary child that! More sense in her little body than in all our big ones. The way she looks after her mother! Well, goodbye, God bless you! I'll be back by night. Take care of yourselves." The doctor was in his chaise again, and trotting down hill almost before he had finished speak-

John Lawrence went on. He felt perplexed. This was not at all what he had foreseen, though what he had foreseen he would have found it difficult to put into words. Just before reaching Ponte a Serraglio the carriage entered a dusky bit of road, where the banks rose steeply on either side, and the great chestnut-trees flinging their branches across, created an artificial gloom. In the middle of one of these dusky spots a small figure was standing, which, at sight of him, suddenly clapped its hands, and, with a shriek of delight, made a spring forward as if about to scramble down the nearly perpendicular bank. This movement brought another figure to the brink, and looking up the rock-strewn surface John Lawrence found himself gazing straight into the eyes of Eleanor Cathers, who, upon her side, neither started nor exclaimed, merely placed her hand on the child's shoulder, and looked down at him with a smile, the wofullest ghost of a smile, he thought, that

he had ever seen on a human face. Another moment she and Jan were descending the track. Getting out of the carriage, and telling the man to go on and wait for him in the village, he stepped back to meet them, and they shook hands. Even then she did not ask what had brought him. There was a look of tension about her face which startled him; a strained and hunted look which had not her with her saucy black eyes, as much as been there when he left. Even without the doctor's hints, it would have been easy ! to see that the situation had entered upon

some new development.

They walked on together. The colonel's thoughts were full of strangeness. The renewed sense of her presence, the consciousness of her nearness, was sending thrills of happiness through and through him, stirring his whole frame to as rapturous an exhilaration as ever beat along the veins of a lad of twenty. That odd impression which had come to him in Devonshire was present too, and lent some of its own strangeness to the meeting. All this was his own affair, however; not to be touched upon; to be kept for-ever under lock and key. Even his meeting with Dr. Mulligan he hardly liked to allude to. He waited to see what she would say. She said absolutely nothing, however, but walked on as if under a spell. The sun broke in a thousand iridescent splinters, the grass was alive with color, with a thousand fresh young tangled growths, but she seemed neither to see nor heed anything.

Happily Jan was equal to filling the vacancy; her delight at getting back her big playfellow making her unusually demonstrative. She was tho glad he had come, she said; and did he know she had got nine lovely yellow snail-shells? she found them herself under a big tree; two of them had nice yellow horns inside, only they smelt rather nasty; and there was a cat with five kittens, and one of them was all black except its ears and one toe-nail. and it was for her, only the old cat wouldn't let her have it yet. She was a nasty cross cat, and had killed a poor bird the day before. She didn't like cats, and didn't mean her kitten ever to be one. And muddie had took her for a walk yetherday and to-day, which she hadn't done for oh tho long! and did he know that -

But at this juncture Lady Eleanor interposed. "Hush, Jan! my little girl mustn't talk so much. Muddie wants to ask about grandmamma, who has been ill, you know. Please tell me," she added, turning to him abruptly, "you think all danger over for

the present, do you not?"

He said yes, and went on to tell her about his visit. She listened, and put a question from time to time, always, however, with the same air of strain. She was perfectly composed, but it seemed to be a composure won by hard fighting. When they got into the village they found the carriage waiting, and he appealed to her to direct him.

said, more, however, in tone of enquiry than of appeal.

"I think perhaps better - not," he answered hesitatingly. "With an invalid, the fewer people about the better," he added, with rather unnecessary explanitoriness.

"Very well. Perhaps you are right. There is another one just as good only a

short way from ours.

The carriage was directed there, and the colonel followed, saying that he would join her presently. Had he done well in coming? that was the question which haunted him. Was she glad to see him? Did she think him troublesome or officious? Perhaps he had been a fool? Perhaps she was vexed; perhaps - perhaps --- But his conjectures were end-

His room taken and carriage paid, he hastened to the other hotel, which was only a few yards away. He was filled, as he walked along, with a curions sense of excitement. The close green valley, the tree-covered slopes rising steeply on either side; the voice of the stream, now imperative, now appealing, now menacing, every mood represented in turn, as it swept along, -it all seemed a chorus echoing and re-echoing his own inward tumult.

Entering the hotel, he went up-stairs, guided by a waiter, and found Lady Eleanor sitting in a bare-looking ante-room, the yellow walls of which were stencilled with huge purple lozenges - crescent and diamonds alternately - beyond which was

another door.

He was beginning to speak in his usual tone, but she made a rapid sign to indicate the necessity for silence. Accordingly he sat down wonderingly and waited. From time to time a slight movement was heard in the inner room, and now and then a voice speaking fretfully; otherwise the frantic rush and hurry of the little river below the windows was the only sound audible. Presently footsteps approached the outer door, and a servant entered carrying a tray. Lady Eleanor took it, motioning the man to go, and carried it herself to the door of the room beyond, at which she knocked. It was opened, and a woman appeared, a woman with flashing insolent eyes, who took the tray from her, and disappeared almost immediately. It had been long enough, however, for the colonel to recognize Mlle. Riaz.

After this an hour passed, then two hours, and still Lady Eleanor remained at her post. Once he whispered an entreaty "Will you not come to our hotel?" she that she would rest, that she would eat

something, but she merely shook her head impatiently. It was the strangest of tête-à-têtes. They were together, yet he It was the strangest of felt that she was miles and miles away from him, swept out of his very orbit by some current he imperfectly understood, some stream of emotion upon whose waves he too was being carried as upon a The look of pain in her face seemed to have reached a point where mental and physical endurance are one; he would not have been surprised had she at any moment fallen senseless upon the floor at his

At last he could bear it no longer. He was worn out with his long journey, and this continued tension was fast becoming unendurable.

"Come out for a moment on to the balcony," he whispered authoritatively.

She was startled by the imperativeness of his tone into obeying; and, getting up, followed him to the balcony, where they could speak without being overheard.

"I met Dr. Mulligan on my way here,"

he said abruptly.

"Yes?" she answered laconically. Her hands were clasped lightly one over the They had grown much thinner, he noticed; her wedding ring hung quite nor!" loosely upon her finger.

"He told me what happened," he said,

and then waited.

She made no response, so he went on

"I want to know if I can do nothing to help you. I can't bear to see you suffer-

ing — it kills me."
"You can do nothing," she answered slowly; "no one can do anything."

He was beginning again to expostulate,

but she suddenly interrupted him.
"Don't speak! Don't encourage me to speak!" she said imperiously. "You don't understand; you can't; no one can. It is myself that I am thinking of — that l am frightened at. Do you know what it is to have a devil inside you? No, happily for you, probably you don't; well, I do — a devil that is trying to get loose, that is trying to persuade me to do something that I would rather die than do. For God's sake, don't help it, but help me! You don't know what a feeling it is! Think if you had some one who "-she glanced back for a moment to the room and then hurried on — "and that you had a longing to do something that would inpened? Well, that is how I feel. As you means of obeying the call and retaining LIVING AGE. VOL. LX.

are my friend, my best, my only friend, help me, save me from myself!'

She turned back as she finished speak-He followed without another word, and they again sat facing one another in the ante-room.

It grew first dusk and then almost dark, but still they sat on and on; John occasionally dozed, worn out by his long vigil. Whenever he roused himself to consciousness, Lady Eleanor's pale face and heavylidded eyes presented itself to him like the face of one in the last extremity of pain. He dreamed of her so, and woke to find the reality and the dream one. He mixed it up with the blue lozenges, yellow walls, and green furniture, which danced fantastic dances up and down the bewildered recesses of his brain. She, on her side, apparently took no heed of the passage of time; everything seemed merged in the one paramount pre-occupation towards which all her thoughts seemed strained. At last, about nine o'clock in

Lady Eleanor started, and seemed upon the point of hurrying in. She checked herself, however, but stood still in the middle of the room, her eyes riveted upon the door, an image of expectancy.

the evening, there came a change, a sud-

den commotion, a rapid moving to and fro in the next room. Then a sudden cessa-

tion of all sound, and a minute afterwards

a voice calling irritably, "Eleanor! Elea-

So she waited, and John Lawrence beside her. His sleepiness was gone now. The drama, whatever it was, had reached its climax. If there was any service he was to render her, it must be now or

Five minutes past, and then the door of communication opened again, and Mlle. Riaz reappeared. Her expression had changed. It was fierce still, but it was no longer triumphant. She looked frightened, her great black eyes were wide with terror. "Monsieur Cathers appelle miladi," she said hastily.

Her message delivered, she would have returned to the room, but Lady Eleanor intercepted her. "Restes!" she said, in a quick, brief tone of command, pointing to a chair. The other seemed about to resist, but John Lawrence was there to enforce the order, and she submitted sullenly. Lady Eleanor meanwhile passed hurriedly into the room, pulling the door jure — might kill that person! How behind her, as if to secure herself against would you feel? Would you long to put intrusion. A moment later, however, she a pistol to your own head before it hap- uttered a call for help, and there being no

The sick man was lying half raised in his bed, supported by a pile of cushions. A pair of candles stood beside it, and by their light were visible traces of blood upon the counterpane. Evidently he had lost a good deal, for his face was ghastly, his great black eyes - larger, apparently than ever - rolled from side to side, as if endowed with a separate life of their own. Lady Eleanor gave directions to fetch a bottle that was upon a shelf in the next room, also some water. John Lawrence was returning with the bottle, when Mlle. Riaz, who had followed, snatched up the water-croft, and approached the bed. Lady Eleanor took it from her, without apparently noticing who gave it, mixed the water with some of the contents of the bottle, and held it to her husband's lips, supporting him, as she did so, by putting her arm under his head. He drank it, and by degrees began to revive, his eyes roving leisurely round the circle, pausing for a while on each successive face, a smile even then faintly curling his lips, as if he found a certain relish in the conjunction. When at last they rested on the colonel, he started slightly, and glanced at his wife with an air of displeasure.

That he was by this time tired of his last and least amiable freak was evident, for when, a minute later, Mlle. Riaz again approached the bed, he turned from her with an air of annoyance, so contemptuously, insultingly marked as to bring a flush of dark color into the woman's cheeks, and she shrank as if from a blow.

"Do you wish her to remain, Algernon?" his wife asked, leaning over him, and speaking in a low, distinct voice.

"No, no, it was only - only a - a joke." He paused. Everything and every one seemed to be waiting intently for the next words. "She hasn't a notion of - nursing," he added, the last word being inter-

rupted by painful gasps.

Involuntarily John Lawrence's eye sought the woman's face. That she had heard and understood was evident, for her lips worked, her fingers clenched tenaciously over the bottle she still retained in her hand. She had moved a step away, but now faced round; a spasm seemed to contract her whole figure, her set teeth and gleaming eyes looked dangerous.

There was a momentary pause of consternation, for to both the other watchers it seemed as if she might be capable of precipitating herself upon the sick man. He, too, evidently perceived something,

the prisoner, John hastened in, leaving the for he shrank, and his white lips grew a latter to follow if she chose.

| Shade whiter. Lady Eleanor started forward; the colonel held himself in readiness to interpose should need arise. It was unneccessary, however. With a gesture, not devoid of a certain dignity, the woman fronted them all for a minute, her gaze lingering longest on the man she had been nursing with an expression of indescribable, inextinguishable scorn. "N'ayez pas peur!" she said slowly, the rolled-out r prolonging itself with dramatic intention upon the last word. Then, without another word or look, she turned, and the next instant the further door shut violently behind her.

"Follow her! My purse - it is on the table in the next room. Get her to take it. Hurry, please hurry!" Lady Eleanor

whispered earnestly.

John Lawrence obeyed. He found the purse without difficulty, but he had to make the best speed he could in order to catch up Mlle. Riaz. She had gone straight out of the house, and he only came up to her when she had already reached the road.

It was an awkward enough errand, but he went at it with as little preamble as possible. The carriage he had come in would take her back, if she liked, to Viareggio, where she could find a train. He had been commissioned to give her this. And he tried to press the money into her

hands.

They were hurrying beside the stream, which mingled its voice with his and seemed to be trying to shout him down. Suddenly she paused, and held out her hand for the purse, which he gave her, glad to have accomplished his errand. He had not troubled himself much about this side of that ugly little domestic drama he had been assisting at, his thoughts being all absorbed in another direction. Now, however, something about the woman's face gave him a sudden sense of discomfort, almost shame. It seemed as if he, too, had been acting the shabbiest, the most despicable of parts.

With a gesture, not so much passionate as utterly scornful and indifferent, she tossed the purse away from her into the stream below, the hurrying water seeming to leap up to meet it, and carry it down, then rushing on to chatter about it to the next little waterfall it encountered. After which, without another word or glance, she turned and disappeared, leaving John Lawrence standing, confounded and exceedingly uncomfortable, upon the foot-

path.

His meditations were interrupted five minutes later by another footstep, and Dr.

Mulligan stood beside him.

"There you are, colonel! So you got rid of your cuckoo without any help of mine? I met her sweeping down the hill a minute ago like an empress. Gad, sir, she's a splendid-looking woman! Reminds me extraordinarily of a Mrs. M'Gee I used to dance with at Ballinasloe a dozen years back, only this one's darker."

"Yes, she's gone," John answered mechanically. "I suppose, doctor—you haven't——"he stopped. "You haven't

any idea?" he stopped again.

"Any idea of what, my dear sir. Few things Mick Mulligan hasn't any idea of." "As to their relations, What they really have been?" the colonel said with

an effort.

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Dr. Mulligan shrugged his shoulders, and protruded his nether lip. "Deuced hard to know the ins and outs of these things, isn't it?" he said. "I've seen"—and he nodded down the walk—"about a goodish time. She's kept her character, if that's what you mean, but—well, if you ask me my opinion confidentially, I suspect it's a pretty old story. They've kept it close though, still these sort of things always leak out."

John's face took on an expression of something considerably deeper than dis-

gust.

"Impossible!" he exclaimed angrily.

"His own child!"

"Eh! child? whose child? what child are you talking of?"

"Jan. Didn't you know that this woman

was with her as bonne, nursery governess, or something of that sort."

Dr. Mulligan made a grimace, and

Dr. Mulligan made a grimace, and caught at a bit of flowering cassia, which was dangling a little way above his head.

"How long, me dear sir, have you had the pleasure of being acquainted with Mr. Algernon Cathers?" he said in that brogue which he seemed able to put on and off at his own convenience.

"Long enough," the other retorted

curtly.

"Well, then, I wonder you don't know that's just the sort of little entertainment he'd like best. To have a few stray parcels of gunpowder or dynamite loose about the house, and be wondering how soon they'd explode. 'Twould be quite a little relaxation to him, when he would be lying on his sofa, with nothing in particular to amuse him."

The colonel frowned, and after a minute past. In this aspect there was even—turned abruptly back to the hotel. He for the colonel, after all, was human—a

was not inclined to continue the conversation any further. Dr. Mulligan was a worthy little man, but he was also, in his opinion, rather a vulgar one. He did not choose to discuss what were, after all, Lady Eleanor's affairs with him. In his own mind, however, the discussion was carried on some way further, and he turned the matter over and over, surveying it now on this side, and now on the other. He remembered vividly the conversation which he and Lady Eleanor had had about this woman at Genoa, and felt certain that no sinister suspicion with regard to her had crossed her mind then. When had it first done so? What, too, had been those other, probably not very dissimilar revelations, at which Lady Mordaunt had more than hinted?

He seemed to himself to be sitting down involuntarily before the closed-in curtains of her married life; to want, yet at the same time to be utterly disinclined to lift them. To have touched so much as a fold of them before another man; to have stood by, and allowed those openmouthed, profaning discussions, which go on day after day, and hour after hour, in this vulgar, unreverencing world of ours, would have been to him impossible; would have seemed a piece of the vilest, most unmanly, most utterly unwarrantable inquisitiveness, one which no circumstances could have palliated. Even by himself there were regions which he shrank from approaching. Her image had for him that peculiarly crystalline flawlessness which made the foulness, even of another, seem half a contamination. Standing, as she did, apart from all other a women; fenced round and enveloped by reverence, having its origin in his earliest as well as latest thoughts concerning her, the bare idea of what must perforce have been pushed upon her reluctant knowledge filled him with a sense of disgust and anger, which even worse offences, directed against another woman, might not, perhaps, have done. There was one alleviating feature in the whole matter, and only one. The man was dying. It was always possible to keep the eyes fixed upon that fact to the exclusion of all others. Whatever the catalogue of his offences, however foul and black his treachery towards his wife, it was practically, thank Heaven! past history now; as much dead, buried, done for, as any bit of gossip which the literary corpsesnatcher exhumes from the dust of the past. In this aspect there was even-

certain relish in the reflection of how remarkably little satisfaction the sinner can have extracted from his transgressions. His tether, for good or ill, had been such a short one that - putting aside the higher sanctions, and looking at the matter from the merest club-window, afternoon-caller point of view - the retrospect could hardly be called a satisfactory one. "A pleasant parting that was this after-noon, for instance!" he exclaimed to himself, as his mind glanced back over the day's doings, and the face of Mlle. Riaz rose before him with its Medea-like air of inextinguishable scorn. So strongly did this side of the matter strike him, that before going to bed that evening a sort of reaction had set in. He had begun to feel as if, under the circumstances, it might be possible to forgive even Algernon Cathers some of his many misdoings, if only - that was the point - if only it was certain that for the culprit himself the after-taste of those misdoings had the proper ashen or briny flavor.

CHAPTER II.

ONE thing had grown clearer to him. His imagination was not a strong one; it took no great flights. He had a masculine, perhaps a military objection to seeing more upon any given occasion than presented itself upon the surface. Now and then, however, an imagination which habitually "keeps the roadway" grows audacious, overleaps its usual boundaries, and betakes itself to a larger sphere, as a mediocre poet once in a way may become the parent of a line that lives. Perhaps it was love that made him luminous; perhaps it was Lady Mordaunt's pregnant hints; perhaps it was that brief scene upon the balcony. Whatever it was, he felt as if a door had been suddenly opened. He understood, as he had never understood before, Eleanor Cathers's standpoint. He did not agree with it; thought it exaggerated, unreal, mistaken, but still he understood it. He had caught sight of the object upon which her eyes had evidently all this time been fixed. It was the future; the one step beyond; the invisible country which lies over the verge of what we call the end. From what Lady Mordaunt had said, it was clear that she had long foreseen that end; not vaguely, as people usually foresee these things, but visibly, as a fast-approaching certainty. That fact once clear, everything became clear. Death, the great apologist,

finger whenever indignation - no matter how justifiable - had prompted her to anger. Behind the meanness, the littleness, the selfishness, the moral vulgarity of the man she had married, that form stood. Anger fell dead, scorn was hushed, indignation "trembled like a guilty thing surprised," when it caught sight of that uplifted finger. It was the Nemesis of health, the tyranny of death over life; not to be reasoned about, but also most assuredly not to be argued away.

It was less accountable, perhaps, that not the wife alone, but all the watchers to a great degree shared the feeling. Despite his own immeasurable contempt, despite that crowning enormity of which he had come in time to witness the finale, even John Lawrence felt creep over him some of that awe which we all more or less feel, when we know that the being before us is doomed. Logically, of course, death is, we admit, no apology, not even an extenuation; happily we are not any of us so desperately, revoltingly logical. We pity, and pitying forgive.

It was well that it is so, for the next few weeks were terribly long in that little watering-place beside the rippling Lima. Slowly, very slowly, the days slipped away, people began to arrive, and a mingling of voices, shrill or guttural, to compete with the inarticulate babbling of the little river. To the hotel where the Catherses had established themselves no fresh irruption penetrated, the whole hotel having been secured for the exclusive service of the invalid. Blessed privilege of wealth, in nothing more blessed than in its power to command silence, rarest, most costly of negatives; the divinity to which, were garden altars still the fashion, ours would assuredly be raised!

Over other conditions even wealth is powerless. It had been getting hotter ever since they arrived, and by the beginning of the third week in May had grown intolerable. Reckoned amongst the scanty list of Italian summer resorts, the Bagni di Lucca does not commend itself-to northern temperaments at least - as particularly justifying that claim. The sun arrives later, it is true, than elsewhere, and departs earlier, but while there it more than makes good its time. The perpendicular banks on either side play at battledore with it, the roofs and windows repeat it, the stream flashes it perpetually before the eyes. The poor patient suffered terribly. All John Lawrence's judicial sehad been standing, he saw, behind her for verity, all his antipathy, all his wholesome months, perhaps years, lifting a solemn scorn melted to pity, as he listened to

day by day to be growing weaker. Lady Eleanor's life was spent in fanning; up arm seemed never to falter or weary. Dr. Mulligan exhausted his ingenuity in devices against the enemy; ice-bags; improvised punkahs; wet sheets stretched across the window to produce a cool draught. The sun laughed at the ineffectual precautions, and poured in with ever new strength through every chink and cranny. Some relief, it was felt, the patient must have, but how? To retrace their steps was out of the question. Summer had already enthroned herself in the There remained therefore only the hill villages. But would it be possible, they asked one another anxiously, to find even approximately decent quarters there? This point John Lawrence undertook to He was glad of the task. His ascertain. inaction galled him. He could not endure to leave, yet he was not the least wanted. He contracted an unmitigated detestation for that green valley and fussy river, rattling perpetually above its stones, above all for that ante-room, the yellow walls and purple lozenges of which seemed to have imprinted themselves for all eternity upon the retina of his eyes.

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He was joined in his task by young Mordaunt, who had come out again, heroically devoting a portion of his leave to his sister's service, even for her sake giving up the Derby - for the first time, he declared, in his life. He was the only addition to the party. Poor Mrs. Cathers, upon hearing of her son's peril, had written pitiful entreaties to be allowed to join them, but Algernon had refused. "It was too hot!" he said. This could not mean too hot for Mrs. Cathers, seeing that she was already at Mentone. He gave no further explanation, however; he wouldn't

have her, that was enough.

By a wonderful piece of good fortune a possible habitation was discovered in the village of Lugliano, which stands above the valley of the Lima; a small house once rented by an English family, who had left traces of their habitation in the form of various domestic sophistications unknown to native use. To this house food and additional furniture were hastily conveyed under the colonel's superintendence, and in a few days all was in readiness for the transit.

It was a curious procession that crept up the hillside under the shadow of the First John Lawrence and young Mordaunt; then a chaise à porteur,

those panting breathings, which seemed | with its bearers; after it four mules, walking one upon the heels of the other as their way is, and carrying Lady Eleanor, and down, backwards and forwards, her Jan, the nurse, and another woman servant. Pausing upon the first summit and looking back, John Lawrence's eyes rested, to the exclusion of everything else, upon the white face and great dark eyes of the sick man. There was something to him inexpressively painful in the sight; his pity and his dislike seemed to meet and clash, and both together to be unendurable. Telling the others that he would go on and see that everything was in readiness, he made a sudden spurt, which took him up the incline at a pace which soon left the rest of the party behind.

The villa was of the usual white-faced, brown-shuttered type, set like a child's toy upon the summit of the ridge, and approached by a narrow walk between tall cylindrical cypresses. From its position it was well swept by breezes from either side, and though the sun was hot, the sense of space and uplifting was inspiriting; the mere consciousness of overlooking that valley in which they had so long been penned being in itself an exhilara-

It was so small that there was no possibility of its containing any but its absolutely necessary inmates, so that the colonel and young Mordaunt had settled to return to Ponte a Serraglio. The latter, with a boy's abhorrence of anything painful, was eager to get away at once. Hadn't they better be off? he asked, almost immediately after their arrival. To this the other demurred; he wanted, he said, to wait a little louger and see how matters went on. Finding after a while that there seemed really nothing for either of them to do, he agreed to start, and they set off towards the woods.

They had passed the little irregular line of houses, and come to where the advanced guard of chestnut-trees lifted their multitudinous palms. Here John halted again, loath to go, though without any excuse for remaining. Young Mordaunt halted because he did, and they stood looking down into the steep green gulf below. It was so still that they could hear the minute babble of a tiny rivulet, slipping down at the rate apparently of some six drops at a time, a tree fluttered under the caress of the light capricious breeze, and up the half-veiled incline the hollow tolling of a bell, "Ding-dong; dong, dong, dong, dong!" broke upon the stillness.

All at once it was invaded by a nearer

note, a sound of sobbing, a woman's voice weeping bitterly, the voice of one in vehement distress, who refuses to be com-

"Somebody seems in a bad way," young Mordaunt observed, listening.

"Yes, some one belonging to the vil-lage, I suppose," the colonel answered.

They listened again. The sound came arer and nearer. They could now hear nearer and nearer. broken words mingling with the sobs.

"That's not an Italian voice!" Mordaunt exclaimed suddenly. "I'll stake my life that was an English sniff!" he

added, with a laugh.

He had hardly spoken, before a group broke from the cover, passed the corner of the wood, and approached towards them. The central figure of this group was a stout, middle aged lady, mounted upon a donkey, two men, one evidently a courier, walking beside her. John Lawrence was stricken with instant and overwhelming compunction, though he had not been the one to laugh, for in the lady before him he recognized Mrs. Cathers.

She on her side at once perceived him, and flung out her arms almost as if she would have flung herself down then and

there at his feet.

"Major Lawrence! Major Lawrence! Oh! Major Lawrence, come and speak to me! Tell me it isn't true! Quick, quick, quick, tell me that it is not true - that he's not going to die. Oh my God! what am I saying? It can't be; it shan't! It never could be! Die? My beautiful boy! my Algernon! my only one! who is there like him? So clever, so handsome; such a beautiful scholar! He sent me word not to come, but that was his thoughtfulness -he is always so good to his poor mother! I couldn't keep away any longer, I couldn't indeed! Major Lawrence, don't turn your head like that! Speak to me, tell me that it is not true! They said at the hotel that he was dying, but that was their stupidity. How should they know? Oh, Major Lawrence, I have always liked you, and I will love you forever and ever, if you will only say that it is not true! Just one word; one little, little word! Major Lawrence, Major Lawrence!'

Poor John! what could he say? Young Mordaunt, stricken with confusion, unable to bear the painfulness of the scene, had fled at the first word. Happily the poor thing was too excited to wait for an an-

swer.

"Why don't they send for more doctors?" she began again immediately.

Why doesn't she send for Sir Jonah Bates? Tell her to make him come at once. If it cost a thousand pounds, twenty thousand, a hundred thousand pounds what does it matter? What is the money in comparison with my son Algernon's life? Major Lawrence, you are kind, you are clever. Think! think! Find out something that will save him. You must! You shall!"

She had got off the donkey; had run up to him, and was clinging to his arm with both hands; gazing up at him as if determined to wrest comfort by main force out of his face; her own kindly simple face streaming with disregarded tears. His heart was torn with pity. Whatever mingling of emotions there might be elsewhere, there was at least none here. Pure, tender-hearted, heart-broken mother's love alone was present. Poor mother's love! What could he or all the doctors in Christendom gathered together on the spot do now to spare it one pang?

She turned suddenly, as if unable to bear the pity in his eyes. "Where is he? Where is my son? Why have they brought him up to this wild, outlandish place?" she cried. "Take me to him; take me to him at once, Major Lawrence, O Algernon, my son! Who cares for you as your poor mother cares? What have I done? Other women have so many sons; I have only one, my beautiful, clever boy that I was so proud of. What is God thinking of? Has he no pity? Is he such a cruel God that he wants to kill my son?"

He led her pitifully to the house, saying he hardly knew what. Then left her, and went to call Lady Eleanor. She would know, he felt certain, what to do. If any one could soothe the poor distracted crea-

ture, it would be her.

She came out a moment later, bringing the subdued aspect of the sick-room into the dazzling daylight. Mrs. Cathers tottered a few steps forward and caught at her sleeve, looking up at her with pite-ously distended eyes. The first volubility of her despair was already quenched. She could only look the question she no longer dared to put.

Eleanor did not speak either. She opened her arms, and took the poor thing into them, holding her closer and closer. There had never been much intimacy between them; their unlikeness, many small social differences, had created barriers. Now, however, all barriers were broken down. They were mother and daughter "Why doesn't Eleanor send for more? simply and solely. One in their trouble,

one in their love, one henceforward al-

John Lawrence went away immediately, and left them there together. When he had got a little way from the house, young Mordaunt came stealing out of some bushes. His face was quite pale with

"I say, do you think she heard me?" he asked in a tone of awe. "Good Lord, I hope she didn't hear me laugh! What a beastly, callous brute she must have thought me, if she did! You don't think she heard, eh, colonel, do you?"

John tried to console him by assuring him that the poor thing was past attending to anything except her own trouble. He was not easily to be consoled, however. His dismay even took the form of compunction for not being able to sympathize with that desperate grief.

"It does seem a beastly shame not feeling sorrier for him, poor chap!" he said, glancing back to the house with an air of contrition. "I wish, upon my soul, I did! I ought, I know. After all, he is an awfully near relation. And Eleanor and now this poor thing. 'Pon my life, it makes one feel a regular brute. If one doesn't feel sorry, though, how the devil is one to make oneself so?" he added, with a sort of mystified irritation.

From Temple Bar. MADAME NECKER.

THE parsonage of Crassier, a village in the Swiss canton of Vaud, is a modest structure painted white, with window-shutters of bright green. A narrow strip of ground, planted with a few old fruit-trees, separates it from the highroad, on the other side of which rises the church. Here dwelt and worked, long years ago, Louis Curchod, a Protestant minister whose peaceful, if unambitious, life was passed in study and the performance of his clerical duties. A Swiss himself, of birth undistinguished, he had married a Mademoiselle d'Albert, a lady of French origin with some claim to nobility. Her friends thought she had made a sacrifice in linking her lot to that of the pastor of Crassier; but she held solid worth in more esteem than wealth or honors.

The Curchods had an only child, a daughter named Suzanne, whose ready intelligence encouraged them to spare no pains on her education. With her father as tutor she studied Latin, and at sixteen | d'Haussonville. Paris, 1882.

addressed a letter in that language to one of his friends, receiving in return much praise for her "Ciceronian epistle." Of Greek too she appears to have had a smattering. She also applied herself to geometry and physics. The arts meanwhile were not forgotten, and we are told that she played on the harpsichord and dulcimer, and had some knowledge of painting. Suzanne Curchod was pretty. It was the custom in her day for people who used their pens to write their own portraits, and she has left us one of herself from which we gather that her features were regular and well-formed, her eyes sparkling yet soft in expression. At the same time she confesses to a rustic simplicity of manner, and a want of grace in her movements.

There often came to Crassier young Calvinist ministers from Geneva or Lausanne. Their habit was to arrive early on Sunday, assist M. Curchod in his service, preach for him, and spend the rest of the day beneath his roof. With these Suzanne was a little queen, and she received their homage with more complacency than seemed proper to a friend of the family - some licensed mentor, apparently - who wrote to her thus:-

You have many admirers who, under the pretext of preaching for your father, come really to make fine speeches to you. Does not sound reason show you that, as soon as they have done preaching, you should expel them with a broomstick, or else keep out of their way?

Suzanne was not disposed to follow this advice exactly, and no doubt the clerical attentions were harmless enough. Very different were the amatory verses which another family acquaintance, a man old enough to be her grandfather, thought fit to address to her. These, as will be seen from a few specimens given us by M. d'Haussonville,* might have been composed by the veriest libertine. Though the girl treasured up these offerings, she was too innocent to guess their meaning. It was only on coming across them in after years that her eyes were opened.

Lausanne was at this time a place of no little importance. It had its resident aristocracy, its professional society, its college. Foreigners of culture resorted thither. Suzanne, whom her parents introduced there when about eighteen, had a success. She was at once pronounced "superior to all the other young girls in

^{*} Le Salon de Madame Necker, par M. le Vicomte

pleasure she was surrounded by an admiring throng. "There goes the pretty Curchod!" was the exclamation oftenest heard as she passed along the street; and the speakers would hasten ahead of her. in order to turn and have another look. Notwithstanding these attentions her mien was modest, though at times an air of conscious pre-eminence would flash out. It was in her honor that the students of the university founded a literary society which, it was arranged, should hold its summer meetings near a spring in a neigh-boring valley. The society was called the Académie des Eaux, and she was chosen president under the name of Thémire. With her concurrence a code of rules was drawn up, from which it would appear that mild flirtation was as much an object in these meetings as intellectual intercourse. One of the rules directed that members, whether male or female, should adopt a distinguishing color. Combined with his own, each gentleman was to wear the color of the lady he preferred; the lady, if she reciprocated the partiality, sporting that of the gentleman. If either side tired of this arrangement and wished to change allegiance, his or her reasons for so doing had to be discussed by the Academy in full assembly. All members were expected to submit to the society, from time to time, original compositions in prose and verse. Suzanne herself led the way, and treated her fellow-academicians to some remarkably pedantic themes. Most of the men figured as poets, their poems being highly complimentary verses addressed to their fair president. She re-ceived offers of marriage without end, which, though they gratified her vanity, she hardly troubled herself to notice. But she was not long to remain indiffer-

Three summers before, there had arrived at Lausanne an English youth of good family, Edward Gibbon, who lived to win a world-wide reputation as author of the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." When scarcely turned fourteen, he had been entered as a gentleman commoner at Magdalen College, Oxford; and while there, for want of other employment, turned his attention to religious inquiry. This ended in his forsaking the Protestant faith and joining the Church of Rome. He was an only child, and his father, on learning the step he had taken, was much distressed. Within three weeks of his professing his new religion, he was man: -

beauty, and to all the young men in learn- | packed off to Lausanne and entrusted to ing." At entertainments and parties of the care of a Calvinist minister named Pavilliard, who was enjoined to use every means to reconvert him. The novelty of travelling was agreeable; but the journey over, young Gibbon found the change from England to Switzerland dreary enough. At Oxford he had lived luxuriously, with a servant of his own to wait on him; in the Swiss minister's household everything was mean - from the ill-furnished little bedroom assigned to him to the meagre fare provided by the penurious, and not over-cleanly, Madame Pavilliard. Instead of drawing on a banker for supplies, he received from his new tutor a small sum as pocket-money every month. "From a man," says he, "I was again degraded to the dependence of a schoolboy," Another trial arose from his ignorance of French, which he read with difficulty, but could not speak at all. However, before many months had passed, practice enabled him to express himself more easily in French than in English. He was naturally stu-dious, and now, with ample leisure and freedom from interruption, he applied himself earnestly to his books. The worthy Pavilliard meantime strove hard to argue his charge out of the errors of Popery, and in this he at last succeeded. Eighteen months after coming to Lausanne, Gibbon was received back into the Protestant fold. This object attained, he was given far more liberty than before. He mixed in the society of the place, and made many valuable acquaintances. It was in 1757, when he had entered his twentieth year, that the appearance of Suzanne Curchod in Lausanne caused a general sensation. Where he first met her, whether at the learned revels over which she presided, or in some private house, we are not told. He did meet her, and seems to have fallen in love at once, as this entry in his diary shows : -

> I saw Mademoiselle Curchod - Omnia vincit amor, et nos cedamus amori.

> The pictures of Gibbon with which one is familiar were taken in later life, and represent a stout gentleman with prominent eyes, a button of a nose, and a mouth almost buried between extraordinarily puffy cheeks. Yet at twenty he was slim in figure, and his physiognomy both interested and attracted Suzanne. Of course she wrote his portrait. The writing of people's portraits — moral and physical was a practice she continued all her life. She thus describes the young English

He has fine hair, a pretty hand, and the air of a person of condition. I can think of nobody who the least resembles him, so bright, so peculiar is his countenance. One is always discovering something new in its expression. His, in short, is one of those faces that one never tires of examining, or of tracing and retracing their features. His gestures in speaking are appropriate, and lend force to what he says. He observes all proper respect in his manner to women. His politeness is easy without being too familiar. He dances tolerably. I perceive in him none of those insinuating airs on which coxcombs found their claims to notice. He possesses an infinite variety of wit

And at this point the writer stops short, as though hardly trusting herself to pro-ceed. Her quick womanly perception enabled her to see in what measure Gibbon was superior to the other young men When he with whom she was thrown. asked her to marry him, which he quickly did, she accepted him with the cordial approval of her parents. He went on a visit of a week to Crassier, and could only compare his condition, on leaving, to that of Adam expelled from Paradise - with the difference (he explains) that Adam at least had his Eve left to him, while he hadn't. He found the position of accepted lover pleasant; the inditing of love-letters, too, was an accomplishment he was ready to acquire. M. d'Haussonville has given us some specimens of these compositions, and they seem to us, as they do to him, too labored, too artificial, to be quite sincere. In one he draws a gloomy picture of the loneliness, the want of sympathy, that at times oppressed him.

But [continues he] I made your acquaintance, Mademoiselle, and then all was changed. A happiness superior to empire, superior even to philosophy, may yet be mine.

Knowing that she received complimentary verses from the members of the Académies des Eaux, he turned poet, and sent her a madrigal or two which, according to M. d'Haussonville, consist of fragments of Boileau and Benserade tacked Mademoiselle Curchod took these professions all too seriously, and in return freely bestowed her heart. Being before all things a model of filial affection, she ventured to lay it down as a condition of their marrying, that they should make Switzerland, not England, their home at any rate, for as long as her parents lived; and to this Gibbon appeared to agree. But in truth the future historian, who could string fine sentiments together

composition. He was already tired of courtship, and waiting for an opportunity to shake himself free. An opportunity did presently occur, which he turned to good account. Happening to go on a tour of some weeks, he found, on his return to Lausanne, three letters awaiting him. Two of them were from Suzanne. The earlier, written soon after his departure, was conceived in affectionate terms. Receiving no answer to this, she expressed herself, in her next, somewhat upbraidingly. His third letter was from his father. Herein he was summoned to return home without delay, for Mr. Gibbon objected to his only son's marrying a penniless foreigner and settling abroad. Gibbon now despatched to Mademoiselle Curchod a letter which reveals him in his true colors, though she trusted him too implicitly to sound its meaning. He begins by taking her to task for doubting his fidelity, and then inquires snappishly, -

And pray, what am I to understand by the last phrase in your letter? A more suspicious nature than mine might almost fancy that you were waiting impatiently for an avowal of my indifference, and that you would be disappointed if it were not forthcoming.

He goes on to enumerate his father's objections to their marriage, and declares that he sees rising a host of obstacles to his happiness. "Still," says he, "I do not yet abandon all hope. Love will make me eloquent." There is both softness and dignity in Suzanne's response. She enjoins him to obey his father, and not even attempt to extract from him a reluctant consent to their union. At the same time, she does not drop a word which he could interpret as releasing him from his engagement. "You are mistaken," she says, "in supposing that I was waiting with impatience for an avowal of your indifference. Such an idea, I am sure, was too far removed from my heart to present itself to my mind." Soon after this (in April, 1758) Gibbon returned to England, and, in compliance with his father's desire, entered the Hampshire militia. He appears to have written occasionally to Suzanne, but very guardedly. It was only after four years had elapsed, that the following important communication reached her: -

MADEMOISELLE, -

I cannot begin—and yet I must. I take lived; and to this Gibbon appeared to agree. But in truth the future historian, who could string fine sentiments together with ease, had not a spark of love in his

I have to give you up forever! Sentence has | been passed, and my heart is wrung - yet, in the presence of duty, all else must be silent. On arriving in England, I endeavored, for every reason, to win the affection of my father, and dissipate those clouds which had for long divided us. I flatter myself that I succeeded for I have received at his hands nothing but consideration and liberality. I seized an opportunity, when he was assuring me that his one desire was to make me happy, to ask his leave to propose to that woman in whose society all countries would be equally pleasant, but without whom, all would be intolerable. Here was his reply. "Marry your foreigner then - you are your own master. But remember, before doing so, that you are a son and a citizen." He next enlarged upon the cruelty of my abandoning him and consigning him to a premature grave, and upon the cowardice I should be guilty of were I to trample underfoot the duties I owe to my native country. I retired to my room and remained there for two hours. I will not attempt to describe my condition of mind. When I rejoined my father, it was to tell him that I had sacrificed, for his sake, the entire happiness of my life.

May you, Mademoiselle, be happier than I can ever hope to be. Such will be my constant prayer and, in some degree, my consolation. Oh that I could contribute to your wellbeing otherwise than by good wishes! I look forward with anxiety to hearing what your future lot may be, and trust to your not leaving me in ignorance of it. It will be a truly painful moment for me when I learn it. Have the goodness to assure M. and Madame Curchod of my respect, my esteem, and my regrets. Farewell, Mademoiselle. I shall ever recollect Mademoiselle Curchod as the most worthy and charming of women: let her not completely forget a man who did not deserve the despair to which he is now a prey. This letter cannot but appear strange to you in every respect, yet it is the reflection of my

soul.

I wrote to you twice on the road (from a village in Lorraine and from Mæstricht), and once from London. You do not seem to have received these letters: I hardly know whether I ought to hope that the present one may reach you. I have the honor to be, with sentiments which make my life a misery, and esteem which nothing can change,

Mademoiselle, Your very humble and very obedient servant, GIBBON.

Buriton, 34 August, 1762.

Gibbon's motive for thus dismissing Suzanne is obvious. His taste was for a literary, not a military, life. No sooner had his militia corps been disembodied, than he obtained his father's leave to enjoy the advantages of foreign travel. His thoughts were always reverting to Lausanne and the men of intellect and culture | hardly have been ignorant of the event.

whose acquaintance he had there made. To Lausanne he determined to go. But remembering that this might involve a meeting with Mademoiselle Curchod, he thought it well to settle matters finally in

that quarter.

Suzanne, meanwhile, had had other trials to bear. Her father died in 1760.* His widow was given a small pension, but this alone would not have saved them from extreme poverty. Suzanne therefore resolved to turn her education to account. and give lessons in and about Lausanne. whither she and her mother had removed. A tradition exists that she performed her daily rounds mounted on a donkey - or more probably, M. d'Haussonville thinks, on a trusty old horse named Grison, that had occupied the stable at Crassier in brighter days. Her duties as a teacher she found irksome and dispiriting. Madame Curchod, who had fallen into bad health, was sometimes heard complaining, and there were slight disagreements between them. Such was Suzanne's position when she received Gibbon's letter breaking off the engagement. Its tone of mock despair quite deceived her. She fancied him constant to herself, yet forced to bow to the authority of a stern parent; she thought also that he was generously renouncing all claim to her, for fear of preventing her marrying more advantageously. Early in 1763 it became necessary to remove Madame Curchod to Geneva for medical advice, and there soon afterwards she died. Suzanne's grief was such as seriously to affect her health. She accused herself, most unreasonably, of having embittered by fits of petulance the last months of her mother's life. She was still crushed by this great sorrow, when she heard of Gibbon's unexpected arrival at Lausanne. There can be little doubt that she construed this favorably for herself, that she supposed he had overcome his father's objections, and had come to seek her. But he had no such intention. Having settled comfortably down, he "undertook a consecutive course of study on the ancient geography of Italy "-and that was all! Suzanne waited a few days, in the hope of his giving some sign of life; and then, unable to bear any longer the torture of uncertainty, addressed to him this passionate appeal: -

It seems strange that in the above-quoted letter, written, if the date becorrect, two and a half years after M. Curchod's death, Gibbon should have sent him his respects. Corresponding as he did with Messrs. Pavilliard, Deyverdun, and others at Lausanne, he can

I blush at the step I am taking -a step I would gladly hide from you, nay, from my very self. Great Heaven! is it possible that a heart guileless as is mine can so debase it-self? What a humiliation! I have had sorrows greater than this to bear, but none that I have felt more keenly. Yet write I must, being driven to do so in spite of myself. I owe it to my peace of mind to make the effort: if I neglect this opportunity, there is no repose left for me - is it, indeed, possible that I can have tasted repose since the moment that my heart, so apt to fret, mistook what were really proofs of your coldness for signs of your delicacy? For five whole years have I clung to this chimera with faith unparalleled, and surprising even to myself. At length my mind (romantically constituted though it be) is convinced of its error. On my knees I implore you to remove all remaining doubt from this foolish heart of mine: only assure me of your complete indifference, and my spirit will yield to circumstances, while certainty will produce the calm for which I sigh. You will prove yourself the most despicable of men, should you refuse me this act of honesty, and that God who sees into my heart and doubtless loves me, although He sees fit to subject me to the bitterest trials - that God, I say, will punish you, in spite of my prayers to the contrary, if there is the least dissimulation in your reply, or if, by your silence, you make light of my trouble.

If you ever reveal this unworthy move of mine to anybody in the world, even to my dearest friend, the severity of my punishment will be the measure of my fault, which I shall then consider a piece of inconceivable wickedness: I already feel it to be an act, the meanness of which outrages my modesty, my conduct in the past, and my real feelings. -

Geneva, this 30th May.

Gibbon returned this letter, which bore a large black seal, to the writer, and it still remains among the archives at Coppet. With some, such a rebuff would have been final; but it only determined Suzanne to leave no means untried to win the faithless one back. She soon again took up her pen, and after hurling some well-deserved reproaches at his head, adopted suddenly a conciliatory tone. She suggests that the past should be forgotten by both and that, though no longer lovers, they should continue friends. As a first mark of her good-will, she sends him a flattering criticism she had written of his "Essai sur l'étude de la littérature." seeking a place as lady's companion in England, and begs him to give her the benefit of his advice on the subject.

tiers Travers. Rousseau had promised to speak strongly in her favor, if Gibbon should visit him; but Gibbon never did, and so this little plot failed. She met her former admirer later on (by chance, apparently) beneath Voltaire's roof at Ferney, but the meeting showed her that all chance of regaining his affection was over. They entered into conversation, and she strove hard to appear cheerful, though beneath his unkindness of mien and speech she almost broke down. He seems to have taxed her with a want of proper reserve, and to have reviewed her conduct so harshly that she felt bound to speak in her own defence. This she did in a letter which bears the stamp of truth in every line. In it she traces her dealings with him from the beginning, and shows how too trustful she had been, how heartless he. And thus ended Suzanne Curchod's first love.

Happily she had friends whose kindness smoothed her path. Not only had she an excellent clergyman named Moultou to look to in any difficulty, but his wife (nee Cayla) had been the chosen companion of her girlhood, and their mutual affection was as strong as ever. The Moulton couple received her into their house at Geneva, she in return acting as governess to their children. Hammering knowledge into little heads was not exactly her vocation; and at times she felt half inclined to lend a favorable ear to the addresses of M. Correvon, a worthy lawyer, who wanted to marry her. He lived at Yverdun, and was in good practice. Before accepting him, she began laying down conditions, as she had done with Gibbon. One of these was that she should not be expected to remain at Yverdun for more than a third of the year; but should be free to pass the rest of it with the Moultous and Caylas at Geneva. M. Correvon was not prepared to make this concession, and thence arose a delay which enabled her to keep the Yverdun alliance in reserve. It was at this period that chance threw her into the society of Madame de Vermenoux, a French lady who occupied for some months a suite of rooms in the pastor Moultou's house. Madame de Vermenoux (a rich young widow of twenty-six) was so attracted by her new acquaintance She then tells him that she thinks of that she offered to take her to Paris as her companion, and the offer was accepted. At Paris Suzanne was installed in a luxurious house, and treated with the utmost Finally, she offers him a letter of intro- kindness, but she received no salary. As duction to Rousseau, then living at Mo- her employer saw much company, she had to dress fashionably. Her yearly income amounted to sixteen pounds, and before she had been a week in her new home, twelve of these had been exchanged for gowns and headgear—a rate of expenditure which caused her no little anxiety.

Among the men who sought the society of Madame de Vermenoux was M. Jacques Necker, a partner in the prosperous banking-house of Thellusson. He was a Swiss, and came of a respectable middle-class family. His circumstances were affluent, and the character he bore beyond reproach. Though he had little grace of figure, his countenance was benign, his manners pleasing, and his conversation solid. Lastly, he was thirty-two years of age, and a bachelor. He had proposed to Madame de Vermenoux before her trip to Switzerland, but she had given him an undecided answer; and on her return to Paris, she continued to keep him in suspense. It may have been impatience at this treatment that first caused him to turn his attention from the widow to her companion. To Mademoiselle Curchod he soon directed his suit, and received every encouragement. However, before expressing himself decisively, he had to go to Geneva on business. In writing to her friends there, Suzanne calls the possibility of his espousing her notre brillante chimère; she feels sure that he will make inquiries concerning her, and rather fears lest the fact of her having been a governess may be detrimental to her interests. doubts, all fears, dispersed when the banker reappeared. He proposed without delay, and was not rejected.

The news of Suzanne's engagement caused the utmost joy among her numerous well-wishers in Switzerland. Even poor Correvon, the lawyer, though conscious that he had been kept as a mistrable pis-aller, found words in which to felicitate her. It is possible that Madame de Vermenoux was not quite so delighted at the turn affairs had taken, for the marriage was sudden, almost secret, and she was not present at it. The bride wrote affectionately to explain matters, ending with these words: "Ah! what a friend I am leaving; and what a task M. Necker has before him, if he wishes to compensate me for what I lose in you!"

A fine suite of rooms over Thellusson's Bank in the Rue Michel-le-Comte — such was the home to which Suzanne was now introduced. She did not allow the change in her circumstances to alter her mode of life, which continued regular and methodical. Every hour in the day had its ap-

pointed duty. She kept a note-book filled with good resolutions and rules of conduct, with a list of her besetting faults, "and the best means of avoiding them." She had been a year married when a visitor, whom she scarcely expected to see, presented himself in her drawing-room. It was Gibbon on his way home from Rome, where he had been gathering materials for his great work. The meeting must have been embarrassing for both at first; but good fortune had disposed Madame Necker to forget the wrongs of Mademoiselle Curchod. At the same time, a little quiet exultation on her part was quite pardonable.

I do not know if I told you [she writes to a Swiss friend] that I have seen Gibbon, and it has given me more pleasure than I know how to express. Not indeed that I retain any sentiment for a man who does not, I think, deserve much; but my feminine vanity could not have had a more complete and honest triumph. He stayed a fortnight in Paris, and came here every day. He has become gentle, compliant, unassuming—demure even, to a fault. He was a constant witness of my husband's kindness, wit, and gaiety; and was the cause of my remarking, by his admiration for wealth, the opulence I am surrounded by, which up to that moment had only produced a disagreeable impression upon me.

In a letter to Lord Sheffield describing this same meeting, Gibbon speaks of Suzanne as a little puffed up by prosperity. He was enchanted, though, at renewing the acquaintance, and continued to correspond with her at intervals, sending her the volumes of his history as they appeared.

The salons of Paris were now flourishing in full vigor, that presided over by Madame Geoffrin being perhaps the most famous. It is said to have been in order to amuse her husband of an evening that Madame Necker first decided on starting a salon of her own. She soon got to know Madame Geoffrin, in whose good graces it was well to stand. They liked each other, though dissimilar in every respect. Madame Geoffrin was an elderly Parisian, whose strong common sense, knowledge of the world, and kindly disposition had (in spite of an imperfect education) gained for her the position she held. What a contrast to this good lady was presented by the unsophisticated daughter of the pastor of Crassier! In a year or two she managed to get around her a society which it had taken Madame Geoffrin twenty-five to assemble.

Diderot, the deviser and starter of the

Encyclopædia, was perhaps the most remarkable literary figure in Madame Necker's salon. With him came his brother encyclopædists, Grimm, D'Alembert, Marmontel, Thomas, and the Abbés Morellet and Raynal. These men were all freethinkers, and accustomed, elsewhere, to air their disbeliefs and philosophies unchecked. Her friends in Switzerland, learning by what dangerous folks she was surrounded, began to fear for her religious principles, and M. Moultou wrote to expostulate in their name and his own. He was answered by the following reassurance:—

I certainly entertain many literary people; but as I from the first allowed them to see what my religious principles are, they never touch on that subject in my presence. For a person of my age, who can make her house an agreeable resort, nothing is easier than to give, and adhere to, a certain tone of intercourse. I live, it is true, in the midst of a great number of atheists; but their arguments have never even ruffled my convictions, and if they had penetrated to my inmost heart, it would only have been to make it shudder with horror.

Marmontel, in his memoirs, describes Madame Necker as stiff and prim, without ease of manner, and therefore without grace. "Her over-emphatic way of talking," says he, "would have excited ridicule, if it had not been clear that she was new to the world. Everything with her was premeditated; there was not a gleam of fancy or spontaneity in what she said or did." Of Necker, too, he has little that is favorable to say. He wrote thus when time and distance separated him completely from his old friends. It was otherwise when he was enjoying their hospitality and assistance. He was then the first to offer obsequious flattery to both. These indeed were days when flattery was administered in strong doses. Diderot, for instance, assures Suzanne that, had he known her earlier, he never would have written licentiously, but would have become like her, "a sort of angel." Marmontel lauds her sensibility (to her face) and declares her to be virtue and truth itself. "Divine person!" exclaims Buffon, "you are all intellect, and yet all soul." Thomas (the most devoted of her disciples) refuses to conceive that such a soul as hers can cease to exist, because her body loses vitality. Bernardin de Saint Pierre (when asking a favor) compares her to Venus. With her own sex she had the same power of exciting enthusiasm. "My adorable friend," says one | will perceive.

Encyclopædia, was perhaps the most remarkable literary figure in Madame Necker's salon. With him came his brother encyclopædists, Grimm, D'Alembert, Marinterest, much of it was doubtless sincere.

In the second year of their marriage, there was born to the Necker couple a daughter, destined to become celebrated as Madame de Staël. She was christened Germaine, that being the name of her godmother, Madame de Vermenoux, Suzanne's former protectress. Germaine was a wilful, precocious child, with a nature that refused to be thwarted. A familiar description is that of the little girl sitting upright on a wooden stool by her mother's chair, taking her share in a discussion with the wits present; or else, when told to be quiet, following with her large, restless eyes the countenance and gestures of those continuing the conversation. Madame Necker took anxious pains in forming the mind of her daughter; but she found it necessary to repress her overimpulsive disposition by rather chilling admonitions. There was indeed a lack of sympathy between them, which increased as time went on. Necker himself was amused by the girl's vivacity, and after a hard day's work it was a pleasure for him to unbend in her company. There is a story that Madame Necker, having once kept them waiting for dinner, surprised them indulging in some harmless buffoon-They were posturing and bowing to each other from opposite sides of the table with their napkins on their heads. Sometimes, in a difference between mother and daughter, he would take the part of the latter. The result may be imagined. Germaine transferred all her affection and most of her respect to her father, considering him the most perfect of beings.

When Germaine grew up, her parents began to think of finding a husband for her; but they would accept none but a Protestant suitor. On some distinguished foreigner of the same religion they were prepared to confer their daughter and her £14,000 a year. They had heard of young William Pitt, son of the great Lord Chatham. In spite of his youth, he was in the first rank of English politicians, and had every prospect of a brilliant career. Here was the very man they wanted, and Suzanne set her heart on promoting the alliance. It happened that Pitt, in the autumn of 1783, found leisure to make a trip to France in company with Wilberforce. It is believed that he was intro-

^{*} That Madame Necker was in the habit of returning compliment for compliment, readers of the "Salon" will perceive.

though neither he nor his companion makes any allusion thereto in their published letters. The story that they offered him the splendidly dowered Mademoiselle Necker, but that Pitt declined the honor, declaring theatrically that he was "already married to his country," is most improbable, and has been rejected by no less an authority than the late Lord Stanhope. Certain it is that neither the youthful statesman himself, nor the notion of settling in England, at all attracted Germaine, who obstinately refused to participate in the scheme. This so upset Madame Necker that she fell ill and fancied she was nearing her end. In a letter containing some last solemn injunctions to her daughter, she says :-

I was anxious that you should marry Mr. Pitt, and become the wife of a man of un-blemished character. I should have rejoiced in possessing a son-in-law who could appreciate your father, and undertake the care of him when I am gone. You have refused to afford me this satisfaction. Be it so. I will forgive everything if you endeavor to supply to your father and yourself the benefits I expected to result from this union. Multiply yourself, so to speak, in order to provide him with sources of interest such as he would have found in his connection with England, and the career of a distinguished son-in-law.

Candidates for the hand of Mademoiselle Necker were of course not wanting, a pauper prince being among the number; * but, in the end, the Baron de Staël-Holstein, newly appointed Swedish ambassador to France, carried off the prize. Necker had been appointed by Louis XVI., in 1777, director-general of the royal treasury, and thus had exchanged a purely business life for a political post of the highest importance. After five thorny years of office, he had felt himself compelled to resign; and at the time of Germaine's marriage he was leading a life of studious retirement. His wife's salon was more in vogue than ever, but she soon ceased to be its directress. Her place was taken by the brilliant Madame de Staël, who imparted a more political flavor to the conversation. She devoted herself rather to works of charity and philanthropy. Owing to her exertions, the disgraceful mismanagement of the hospitals of Paris underwent reform. She wrote pamphlets embodying her opinions on this and other subjects. Her husband considered authorship undesirable for women;

duced to the Neckers while in Paris, otherwise it is likely that she would have oftener appeared in print. After her death, he found among her manuscripts material for some interesting volumes. They contain matter original and borrowed - eulogistic portraits of her friends, brief essays, and a smooth translation into French prose of Gray's "Elegy." There are jottings, too, from the conversation of Buffon, Madame Geoffrin, and other of her contemporaries. The writer and Buffon, it seems. were rather puzzled how to define genius, but came finally to the conclusion that patience, and patience only, deserved the name. For Buffon Madame Necker had the profoundest veneration. She and he often talked together on the immortality of the soul; and it pained her to find that the perfect faith she felt on this point was not shared by him. She nursed him, however, in his last illness, and heard him then make a full Christian profession.

Although the reforms set on foot by Necker during his five years of office met with fierce opposition, he was generally popular. Among all classes, even the most privileged, he found supporters. When his resignation was announced, he was deluged with letters of sympathy and admiration. In one of these his wife is alluded to as la digne et respectable compagne de vos travaux. When at length he was restored to office, the Revolution was making rapid strides. Bitter attacks were made on him in anonymous pamphlets; he was the victim of every sort of misrepresentation and calumny. Against him was directed the hatred of the court party, headed by the Comte d'Artois and the Polignacs. It is said that Madame Necker, while passing through the garden at Versailles, some days before the destruction of the Bastille, was hissed by a crowd of courtiers on the terrace.

Dismissed, and as promptly recalled, by the perplexed Louis XVI., Necker maintained for fourteen months a struggle against overwhelming odds; but Mirabeau's efforts to ruin his credit, and thwart his plans, succeeded.* He resigned, and quitted France amid the hootings of the fickle people whose idol he had been but

a year before.

It was in 1784 that Necker purchased the estate and château of Coppet on the Lake of Geneva. It is a plain edifice of great antiquity, in much the same condition as it was two hundred years ago, when in possession of the Saxon Counts

^{*} Prince George of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, brotherin-law of George III.

[&]quot; During this period," says Madame Necker, in a letter written afterwards to Gibbon, "I did not enjoy a single hour of repose or of liberty."

that towards the lake being flanked by towers. From the balcony over the central gate there is a delightful view. Geneva lies to the right; in front rise the mountains of Savoy, their lower slopes clothed with forests of fir interspersed with grassy tracts. To the left spreads the widening lake, with many a sail dotting its changeful surface. Such was the retreat to which Necker now retired. When summoned back to France the previous year, he had exclaimed, "I feel as though about to replunge in a whirlpool." From that whirlpool he had escaped, and was in sure waters; yet the very calm surrounding him soon became oppressive. He secretly pined for the scene he had left, his work undone, his intentions unfulfilled. With his wife it was different. For her the change was more welcome. Her shattered nervous system needed rest. But what sorrowful recollections crowded on her as she gazed around! She was back amid the scenes of her childhood and youth, but the friends of those days had all passed away. There was indeed one person not far off with whom she could travel back in memory, and him she now called to her side. This was Gibbon, who had for long made Lausanne his home. In a pressing invitation to Coppet, she assures him, -

When I came here, and found only the graves of those I have loved, you appeared to me like a tree standing alone and flinging its shade on the desert which separates me from the early years of my life.

As her health failed, Madame Necker was assailed by strange fancies and fears. She dreaded the possibility of her husband's dying before her, and leaving her to face the cold world alone. Against this she constantly prayed. Another everpresent fear was of being buried accidentally alive, for she had known instances of people being laid underground while in a trance. She left lengthy instructions in her will to provide against a like accident in her own case. During the last months of her life she suffered much. She could Wearied out she would get no sleep. sometimes fall into a troubled doze with her head pillowed on the shoulder of her husband, who would remain (says Madame de Staël) for hours together without moving a muscle, lest he might disturb her. She liked to listen to music, which soothed and rested her; and her favorite pieces were often played in an adjoining shire again; but not this time to Bewdley room. Her pleading eyes seemed to say: and Bath, but to the neighborhood of

Dohna. It forms three sides of a square, | I am weary of words that perplex and deceive

> Ah! too often their sound they belie; But the sweet voice of Music I still can be-

Let me hear it and, hearing it, die.

She expired gently on the 6th May, 1794, and was buried in a handsome mausoleum she had had constructed close to the château. It was only opened twice afterwards - to admit the remains of Necker himself and, later on, those of Madame de Staël. The trees and shrubs planted around it have now grown so densely as to conceal the monument entirely from view.

> From Chambers' Journal. RICHARD CABLE,

THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MEHALAH," "JOHN HERRING,"

"COURT ROYAL," ETC.

CHAPTER XLIV.

A ROLLING STONE.

RICHARD CABLE started homewards. He had ridden his cob to Exeter, and brought him on thence with the cattle by train. Now he drove him all the way back from Somersetshire to St. Kerian, but not with the van full of calves the whole way, for he sold them all before he had reached Launceston. Then, instead of going on, he bought up young cattle in Devon, to the north of the road, where is also a wide tract of very poor clay soil, worthless except for rearing stock. In the north of Devon the soil varies to such an extent that one field may let for five times the price of the field next to it. Where the red soil runs, there anything will grow; where the white clay lies, there nothing will thrive. Now, after the old Roman road from Exeter to Launceston passes North Tawton, it leaves the red soil forever. On the south of the road is good land - crops wave, and trees grow to stately dimensions; for there limestone and volcanic tufa break out and warm and enrich the soil above. To the north of the road is clay, and clay only, to the ocean, where crops are meagre and trees are stunted. Cable's eye had been sharpened, and he learned and took in much as he went along the road. Having bought went along the road. Having bought young stock from the poor land, he turned his back on the west, and drove them to Exeter, and trucked them on to Somersetand then he bought more calves and Bessie struggled in her grandmother's trucked them to Exeter, where on this occasion he had left his cob and van; and then drove them to Launceston, disposing of most of them before reaching

home.

From Exeter he brought with him seven pairs of new shoes, with perfectly clean smooth soles, of a pleasant brown; and ever and anon, as he drove in his van, with the calves bleating behind him, he opened the bag that contained the shoes, and took them out and counted them, and kissed the soles, thinking of the little feet they would clothe when brought to St. Kerian. Richard had to halt continually on the road and buy milk for his calves, dip his fingers in the milk and let the calves suck them. It was tedious work; but it would have been less tedious to another, for no other was drawn homewards by such strong fibres from his heart, At length he arrived within sight of St. Kerian, and drove through the village street. The innkeeper came out to ask what luck he had had. " Middling," answered Dick; but he did not halt at the inn door. Then out of his smithy came Penrose the blacksmith with a cheery salute and his big black hand extended.

"Well, Cable, glad to seey' back. The little uns be all peart [bright]."

Richard nodded. He held the reins in one hand and the whip in the other; he did not accept the offered hand, but drove

"What, Mr. Cable!" exclaimed the parson, who was on his rounds. "You're home again. I'm glad to see you have a carriage. Your mother is fairly well, and the children — blooming rosebuds."

"Thanky', sir!" Richard put the hane dle of his whip to his cap, and drove on.

"Dicky!" shouted Farmer Tregurtha over the hedge, "so you're home with your pockets lined with money. I must look out for Summerleaze, or you'll snap

it away from under my feet."

"I take nothing for which I cannot pay," anwered Richard; then he turned a corner and stopped the van, whereat the calves, thinking it meant milk and a suck at his hands, began to bleat. But he was not thinking at that moment of the calves. He saw before him the cob cottage, the limewashed walls gleaming white in the sun, and before the door stood Mrs. Cable with little Bessie in her arms, and about her the rest, looking down the road with eager eyes.

Wells. He sold these readily enough; appeared with his van and cob! Little arms and clapped her hands; and Mary, his dear Mary, came to him with expanded arms, scudding along like a seagull, and dived into her father's arms, clung about his neck and heart, and buried her face in his. Never would he forget that moment, that spasm of pride, that rapturous leap of his heart in his breast as he saw her coming on, and shouted: "No! - not in Somersetshire, not anywhere, is there such another little Mary!"

What a happy evening that was, with his children clustering round the calves, dipping their hands in the milk and laughing, but first shrinking at the mouths of the young creatures sucking their hands! Little Bessie must pat the calves, and she quite fell in love with a young dappled Guernsey. What a pleasant supper when they all sat round the table, but not before there had been a slight scuffle which should sit beside their father! Was there ever so dainty a dish served up at Hanford Hall whilst Richard dined there, as that great bowl of potatoes and turnips that now steamed in the midst of the table round which the bright and happy faces smiled and shone? Then, when supper was over, came the trying-on of the new shoes; and each in turn sat on her grandmother's lap, whilst Richard knelt on the slate floor and fitted the covers on to the dear little feet he loved so well. For Bessie there was a pair of glazed patent leather that shone like sticking-plaster, and they had rosettes with steel buckles and beads over the instep. Bessie laughed and danced in her grandmother's arms, and then cried to be held by her dada; and clung fast to him, and would not be put down or go to bed till he undertook to undress her, wash her, comb her hair, hear her prayers, and sit by her till she fell asleep.

The happiness was of short duration. Next morning, Richard went farther with his van and cob and calves, to the Magpie, to give an account to Jacob Corye of what he had done, how he had succeeded, and

what he proposed to do.

"There, now," said the landlord of the Magpie, when he heard the results and saw his money. "I be glad, I be, to handle the cash; but I be main better pleased to know that what some say are the maggots in my head have turned into butterflies, and not blue-bottles."

After that, of course a second venture was agreed upon. Richard was to remain What a cry of delight when their father | a week at home, make what arrangements then start again on the road by Launceston to Exeter, driving young cattle before him. He was now eager to be gone. Not that he desired to be away from his family, but that his ambition was fired. He was resolved at no very distant date to secure Summerleaze, and build thereon the house which he had seen in a dream, and which he had declared to Tregurtha he intended to build. How many times had wild ambitions and vague aspirations rushed through his head, and found expression on his lips, and nothing had come of them! One night a dream had passed before his sleeping eyes, a jumble of impossibilities, it might be thought, and now that dream promised to realize

itself.

Throughout the week he was at home, Richard was silent concerning one mat-He was ready to talk to his little ones about what he had seen - concerning the children of Mrs. Stokes, the whirligig he had come across at Okehampton, and the grand cathedral at Exeter, and the piebald horses of a circus that had passed him on the road, and the militia reviewed at Wells, and the hot springs with foul smell at Bath; and he had told his mother of his difficulties and of his successes, of his mistakes and of his gained experiences, of his prospects for the future, of the certainty of his insuring a small fortune; but he said not a word about the discovery he had made at Bewdley. Nevertheless, that discovery troubled his mind and kept him wakeful at night. It was a discovery that perplexed him beyond power of setting to rights. Why was Josephine in service? If in service, how came she to be singing and playing in the drawing-room that night? He knew so much of the ways of good houses as this, that a lady's maid is not expected to sit down to the piano in the room with her mistress. He also knew so much of Josephine as this, that for her to associate with such creatures as Mr. Polkinghorn would be unendurable. He thought of his own Polly; perhaps the maids at Bewdley were like her. Polly was a good girl, fond of work, and fond also of finery when she could get it. Polly had not been blessed by heaven with much mind, and what little mind she had was uncultivated. She could read, but read only trash - police intelligence and novels. She could write, but not spell. She could talk, but not of New Year. anything beyond village gossip. Could LIVING AGE. VOL. LX, 3091

he thought necessary for the children, and | Polly, could she breathe in such an atmosphere of vulgar interests?

Either Josephine was very much other than what he had supposed, or she was now completely out of her proper element, and suffering accordingly. It was possible that her pride, her headlong self-will, coupled with pride, had made her throw up all the advantages she had got by the will of Gabriel Gotham. Richard recollected now that she had told him her mother's fortune, which ought to have come to her, had been mismanaged and It was by no means impossible that lost. Mr. Cornellis, for whom Richard entertained the greatest aversion, might have met with a reverse and be ruined. Then, how was it that Josephine, being so close a friend of the Sellwoods, was allowed by them to drop into a menial situation? They were well off, always ready to do what was kind, and be helpful to those in distress. Yet it was the Sellwoods who, according to Mr. Polkinghorn, had recommended Josephine to her present place.

"I wish I could have seen her," mused Richard. "It would be painful to me but for all that, I wish I had seen her; and when I go back again to Bewdley, I must try to see her without letting her see me. I'd like to know how she bears the change. I'd like to see how she looks — as a servant." He laughed. "And to be

considered a low lot!"

Dicky Cable did not go near Bath on his second expedition; he went into another part of Somerset. He was away for some time. After this, he was able to stand unsupported by Jacob Corye. He became a cattle-jobber on his own bottom; but he always dealt for Corye whilst dealing for himself, and to Corye he always gave double profits, for it was the landlord of the Magpie who had put the plum into his mouth. He began to turn over money very fast. He had a good deal of expense on his journeys; he had to lodge himself and his horse, and feed his young stock, and give skimmed milk to his calves; and the railway carriage ran away with money; and the seven little mouths at home cost more every day, for appetites grew with their bodies, and their clothing and shoeing cost more also. Nevertheless, Cable put away money.

But we are looking too far ahead. He had not started on his own foundation when Christmas came; he did so with the

The opinions of the St. Kerian people Josephine have borne the daily society of underwent a change respecting him.

Some were glad at the improvement in his circumstances; but others begrudged it. Most wondered that he should have done what was now obvious to all; they were uneasy at his having got his feet on Luck's road, when there were so many worthier men, such as themselves, who wandered in Poverty Lane. Now, those who formerly had not noticed him, nodded when he passed; and those who in former days had nodded, shook hands; and those who had in the time when he broke stones shaken hands, now asked him to lend them money, which was the greatest mark of esteem they could show him. The St. Kerian folk were in that transition mood in which it would take very little on his part to bring them into the most cordial relationship, and make them forget that on one side he was not a true-blooded Cornishman. The women were specially disposed in his favor, because he had proved himself so tender and true a father to his orphan girls; and some were most especially so disposed because they considered him to be a widower. But Richard Cable took no notice of the revolution. He called at none of the houses of the villagers; he scarcely spoke to those whom he passed; he returned their salutations without cordiality; and he never went to the public-house, which was the more to be marvelled at, because, whilst from home, he lived entirely in taverns. Perhaps that was why he cared for none when at St. Kerian, and spent all his available time in his cob cottage among his seven little maids.

Christmas came — the second since Richard Cable and his family had been at St. Kerian. The first saw him in great poverty, without prospect of betterment; the second shone on him with a future opening before him; but it did not find him, for all that, with a more softened and Christmas-like spirit. He arrived at home

on the eve.

Over the great fire that burned on what is locally termed the "heath-grate" hung a caldron, in which was boiling the plumpudding for the morrow. Cable sat in the armchair by the fire, with little Bessies on one knee, and Susie on the other, with Lettice standing in the chair behind him, scrambling up his back, and the four other children sitting on their stools in a semicircle round the fire. They were in neat stuff frocks, with clean white pinafores over them. The father was full of joy and fun, when a tap came at the door, and some neighbors entered to congratulate him on his return and to hear the news.

They stood before the fire, thrusting the little girls aside, talking, asking questions, hinting pretty broadly their desire to know how his affairs went — well-intentioned visitors, with kindly-meant inquiries, but vexing to Cable, who did not care to be disturbed. He answered shortly, with gravity; he showed no pleasure at the visit; he put aside their questions unanswered. He did not ask the intruders to be seated and take a pipe; so that, after a few minutes, somewhat disconcerted, they retired. An opportunity for conciliation had been offered, and rejected.

Richard Cable had never cared for the society of his fellow-men, even in the old days, but then he had not shunned it. Now that he had entered on a business which took him among men, he valued his privacy more than formerly. He was not at home for very long, and whilst there, he desired to be left alone with his precious ones. The St. Kerian people were not travellers; they remained stationary where their fathers had stood, and their grandfathers before them. Richard Cable had become a rolling stone, after having fallen among them with every promise of becoming a fixture. The proverb says that a rolling stone gathers no moss; but the St. Kerian stones collected very little, and Cable at every roll came back with the gold moss clinging to him. A rolling stone he was, stony to all he encountered, hard, unyielding; but with his centre of gravity never displaced, always drawing him towards the cob cottage; and when he was there, there was nothing stony about him, there he was soft, soft as moss.

Scarce had the visitors gone, when another rap came at the door, and before he had called to enter, the door flew open, and in danced several mummers. St. George, with a tin pot and a cock's feather for helmet and plume, and a fishpan lid for shield, and a red shawl for mantle; the dragon of pasteboard, overlaid with tinfoil. King Herod with a gold-paper crown and corked moustache and beard. Beelzebub with a black sweep's suit, and complexion to match. Some of the smallest of the children began to cry - Bessie and Susie, who were on his knees; Lettice stood behind him, peering over his shoulder, feeling herself safe behind such a bul-wark; but the others laughed, jumped about like kids, and clapped their hands. Cable would have driven the mummers out; he threatened them; but Mary and Martha interposed and entreated him to let them see the show. Then ensued the old-fashioned masque of St. George and | the Dragon, in doggerel rhyme. The door and look forth, and wish the singers mummers were all boys, and they had a glad Noël, and offer them plumcake and learned the traditional play by heart. They recited their parts without much animation and action, as though saying their collects in Sunday school. It was dull fun to Cable; but it delighted the little maidens, their delight reaching its climax when Mary cried out: "Oh! I know who St. George is! You are Walter Penrose." Thereat St. George interrupted the performance to pull a huge, red-streaked apple, a quarendon, out of his trousers pocket, and present it to Mary with a bow and a laugh: "And this is St. George's Christmas present to little Mary Cable."

Then the demon brandished his club. made of sacking, enclosing hay, and, banging the performers with it right and left, shouted at the top of his voice: -

Up and cometh Beelzebub, And knocketh them all down with his club.

Whereupon the mummers danced out of the door. Then Richard Cable stood up, put down Bessie and Susie, shook off Lettice, and went to the door and put the bolt across it and turned the lock.

"O father!" cried Mary, "wasn't that kind of Walter? He is so good! He always gives me sugarplums whenever I

"My dear Mary," said her father, "I object to you receiving any presents from any St. Kerian people. Walter — Is he the blacksmith's son? Well, the time will come when you will hold up your head too high to take apples from and play with the sons of common village blacksmiths. Throw that apple away!" "O father!" cried all the little girls

together.
"Don't say that," pleaded Mary. "Take out your knife, father, and cut the apple into seven."

"Very well," he said moodily; "this time, but this only. Let it be the last; and understand, Mary, that you take nothing again from Walter Penrose or from any other St. Kerian child."

"But, papa," said little Mary, "Walter is so kind, and when we get old, I am going to be his little wife."

"Never," said Cable angrily - "never." Then, all at once, outside burst forth the song of the Christmas carollers:-

> Hark! the herald angels sing Glory to the new-born King, Peace on earth, and mercy mild, God and sinners reconciled.

But Richard Cable did not open the a jug of cider. In all his children's eyes looking at him was trembling entreaty, but he heeded it not. He sat by the fire, looking gloomily into it.

Then the seven little girls raised their voices and sang inside the cottage, along with the choir without : -

> Joyful, all ye nations rise, Join the triumph of the skies; With the angelic host proclaim, "Christ is born in Bethlehem."

"My children sing better than the trained choristers outside," said Cable to himself. He sat motionless, though the carollers waited without for their Christmas greeting. They did not get it. The rolling stone was stone indeed; and the more it rolled, and the more the prospect of gathering gold moss opened before it, the more flinty it became.

Then the choir went away; and the hushed children and their silent father heard the singers carolling before another house half a mile away. The music came to them faint and sad. There was no peace, no mercy mild and reconciliation in the heart of Richard Cable that Christmas eve.

CHAPTER XLV.

MISS OTTERBOURNE.

JOSEPHINE'S position in Bewdley Manor had gone through a change, a change advantageous in one way, but bringing with it great vexations.

Miss Otterbourne was a small old lady, of delicate bones and mind, of small ideas and petty interests. She lived in her great house without a companion, made calls in her grand carriage when the coachman allowed her to use the fat horses, pottered in her conservatories about her flowers, and picked them only when suffered to do so by the head gardener. She kept a great many servants, and was badly served by them. She spent a great deal of money, and had little pleasure out of it. Josephine was shocked to see how the old lady was pillaged by all her attendants. She kept cows, and bought her butter; poultry, and purchased her eggs; had gamekeepers, but ate very little game. Her pheasants cost her about their weight in silver. She grew grapes and apricots and nectarines and peaches, which the gardener sold in Bath, and put the money into his own pocket. Her porcelain was

broken, and had to be replaced incessantly, because the china shopkeeper tipped the breakers for every breakage. Every tradesman who attended the house put money into the servants' pockets, on the understanding that they made work for artisans there. Every shopkeeper who dealt with the house gave a percentage to the servants to encourage waste. Coal-wagons were incessantly bringing their loads to the house, which apparently consumed as much as a glass-furnace; but the coal-cellar door was left always open for all the cottagers to supply themselves from it, and a sack was deposited every turn of the wagon at the gardener's, or the gamekeeper's, or at the lodge, or at the coachman's, or at the house of the mother of the boy who cleaned the knives. The gardener was annually carrying off prizes at flower-shows; but the greenhouses were never properly stocked, and fresh supplies, enough to fill every stage, had to be ordered from the nurserymen every autumn and spring. Fifteen hogsheads of ale were got rid of in that house in the twelve months by a household of teetotalers; the wine-cellar needed the laying-down of expensive wines every year, although Miss Otterbourne no longer gave dinner-parties. A milliner and her assistant from Bath were engaged in Bewdley House half their time, yet Miss Otterbourne had only two new gowns in the year. Bewick's "British Birds" and "Fishes" and "Quadrupeds" deserted the shelves of the library, as if they were leaving the ark of Noah, and turned up in a second-hand bookseller's at Bath. Valuable pieces of old Worcester china, fine Chelsea figures, unaccountably got mislaid; but certain dealers in London would have been happy to sell them back

to the good lady.

"My servants," said Miss Otterbourne,
"are perfectly trusty. I have left my
purse about; I have allowed coppers to
remain on my chimney-piece, and I have

never lost a farthing."

It is a curious fact that the conscience of many domestic servants draws a line at money. It is most rare to find one who will purloin a coin; but beyond that line, in far too many cases, all scruple ceases.

Josephine soon discovered how her mistress was being plundered. The house-keeper winked at the petty robberies; she shut her eyes to a good deal more that filled Josephine with horror and disgust. John Thomas Polkinghorn was vain and foolish, but he was not vicious. Among the many men attached to the house in Miss

one capacity or another, he was the most respectable; but the old butler, Vickary, on whom Miss Otterbourne chiefly relied as a trusty servant who had the interests of the family at heart, was a prime source of evil in the place. Josephine made him keep his distance. She behaved towards him with such proud reserve and scarce veiled abhorrence, that he scowled at her and prophesied her speedy dismissal. The other servants, all cringing to the butler, took his tone, and behaved to Josephine with insolence, at least in his pres-ence. Yet, behind his back, they were ready to speak to her with kindness and show her little attentions. They let her understand that they groaned under his tyranny, but were too timorous to revolt. The house was, moreover, too good to be left, except for some extraordinary chance of betterment; and servants who came there well-intentioned, gradually swallowed their scruples and sank to the general level.

That Josephine was not more with them was due to the forethought of Mrs. Sellwood, who wrote confidentially to her sister to tell her that Josephine had known better days, was well educated, and by birth a lady, forced by circumstances she was not at liberty to disclose, to go into menial service. Miss Otterbourne was the kindest-hearted of old maids, a generally kind-hearted race, but she was weak. She had fallen a prey to several unscrupulous ladies' maids in succession. Girls well recommended had come to her. and the general bad tone of the house had lowered them; she herself had contributed to their deterioration by ill-judged kindness, by making of them confidants, and almost friends. She had trusted them, when they were neither by education nor character worthy to be trusted. They had abused her kindness. One after another had taken to drink. Miss Otterbourne would not believe it; she supposed poor Jane or Marianne or Emily was subject to fits, or had a weak heart; and Mrs. Sellwood had sometimes to come down from Essex to rout a disagreeable and disreputable companion from her sister's house. The old lady, perhaps feeling her loneliness, and with her heart craving for love, was so liable to fall under the dominion of her servants, that Mrs. Sellwood was glad to be able to assist Josephine and her own sister at once, to put the former with one who would be kind to her, and to give the latter a companion who was perfectly

Miss Otterbourne at once perceived

that her new attendant was what her sister had described her - a lady, and with her natural kindness did what lay in her power to soften to her the hardship of

On the morning after her arrival at Bewdley, Josephine rose with a weight on her heart. She had not slept well. She was pale, and her eyes looked large and sad when she appeared before Miss Otterbourne to assist her in dressing. The old lady spoke gently to her. She told her that she had heard from Mrs. Sellwood that Josephine had met with troubles which had forced her into a situation for which she was not born, and assured her that she would be a good mistress to her, and not exact from her more than what

was really needed.

" My servants are all so honest and so respectable, and so devoted to me, that I am sure you will like them. They never give me any trouble, and set a good example to the entire parish. But as you belong by birth to a superior class, you will not mix with them much. I shall expect you to be chiefly about my person, and when not engaged in dressing me, to attend to my wardrobe. I should be glad if you could read to me in the evenings. I cannot use my eyes by lamplight, at least not much; and the evenings are tedious to me. I play patience, but one tires in time even of patience."

Later on, Miss Otterbourne made overtures to get into Josephine's confidence, but without avail. Josephine's secret was not one she cared to share. She soon fell into her work; it was not difficult, and the old lady was not exacting. She felt how considerate towards her Miss Otterbourne was, and she was grateful for it, but not inclined to open her heart to her. Miss Otterbourne was not one who could understand her course of conduct or ap-

preciate her motives.

The monotonous life that Josephine was now leading, the constant restraint, the necessity for reserve, the tediousness of listening to the weak talk of the old lady, and the repugnance she felt for the society of her fellow-servants, were almost more than Josephine could bear, and only her strong resolution to go through with what she had undertaken kept her at Bewdley. As she began to see how completely Miss Otterbourne was deceived in her servants, how she was cheated, and what a demoralizing influence in the place the trusty butler was, she became uneasy in mind; she did not like to allow her mistress to continue in her delusion, and yet she was

averse from telling tales of her fellow-

The liking which Miss Otterbourne showed for her excited the jealousy of the female servants and the suspicion of Mr. Vickary. This latter saw that he would not be able to influence Josephine and get her under his power. He was irritated at the contempt she showed him, and aware that she saw through and mistrusted him. He also saw that she was acquiring a preponderating influence over the mistress, which threatened his supremacy.

Josephine had more to think about than her own past troubles; but, unfortunately, those concerns which now occupied her thoughts were in themselves troubles. She missed her old freedom; she was shy of asking a favor of Miss Otterbourne, or she would have entreated to be given a bedroom to herself. The old lady did not know that she had not one; the domestic arrangements were left to the housekeeper, and those maids were given separate rooms who stood highest in her favor. At night, Josephine hardly enjoyed refreshing sleep; she was not so much tired out with her work as fagged; her nerves were overwrought, not her muscles. What would she not now have given for a row on the sea or a stroll by herself in the garden! Sometimes the oppressiveness of her life threatened to drive her mad, and she made efforts to think of the sea, the gulls, the passing ships, to give breath and space to her mind, that was becoming cramped in Bewdley life.

While she read in the evenings to Miss Otterbourne, her mind was absent, for the books which the old lady selected were uninteresting to Josephine. She, like Aunt Judith, was a veal-eater, and must have her mental diet devoid of the blood of ideas and the firmness of intellectual growth. Josephine had been so independent hitherto, that the constraint of having in all things to submit to the will of another, to hear ineptitudes without replying, to go through a mechanical round of duties that led to nothing, were an especial trial to her. But she had the clear sense to see that it was a schooling she

needed; she was learning self-restraint. One evening the old lady was tired of the reading, did not care for patience, and, as she had a little of the fretfulness induced by nettle rash still about her, she began to grumble at never being able to hear a bit of music. With diffidence, and yet eagerness, Josephine volunteered to play and sing. She was diffident, because take the offer; she was eager, because she had not touched the piano since she left Hanford, and her soul was one that hungered and thirsted for music, a soul that could only find its full expression in pain or pleasure through music. Thus it came about that Richard Cable heard her sing on the night he was lingering under

the trees of the park.

The little old lady was not without that atmosphere of romance hanging about her heart that enlarged and transformed common objects and gave them ephemeral and fantastic values and shapes. She thought about what Mrs. Sellwood had told her of Josephine, and as she had taken a great fancy for Josephine, she wanted to learn more. She wrote for particulars to her sister, but unsuccessfully, and every attempt to wrest her story from the girl equally failed. As she had so few facts on which to build, she fell back on conjecture, and speedily came to treat her conjectures as assured realities. There could be no question that Josephine was a lady, the child of gentlefolks, who had been suddenly ruined - so she supposed — by the failure of the great Coast to her nephew, Captain Sellwood, who of Guinea Bank, which had recently brought down so many families. She was an orphan, and had lost everything, and she had fled her old home and its associations owing to a love-affair with a gentleman of position to whom she had been engaged, but who, having no resources himself, had broken off the match on her losing her fortune. Miss Otterbourne had in former days had several offers; but as she never could assure herself that the suitors were not in love with her estate rather than herself, she had refused them all; and now, in her old age, had a longing for a little romance, and a desire to take some part in the great concert of love that bursts from all creation, if she were only to play a little feeble accompaniment to the song of another. What a flutter it produces in an old heart on which hopes and loves have flashed and flickered and died out to white dust to be able. before the last death-chill falls, to assist at the kindling, or to fan when lighted, or to sit by and hearken to the roar of a lovefire! So poor old Miss Otterbourne having made out to her own satisfaction and sincere conviction that Josephine was in love, and had been badly treated, turned the matter about in her mind, and schemed whether it were possible for her to take up the broken engagement and hammer and weld it together again. How she was to do this, she did not know. She him, he is so handsome, so dignified, and

she did not know how her mistress would | did not even know the gentleman; but, again, imagination went to work and showed her that he was endeavoring to get into a government situation. Miss Otterbourne knew and was connected with persons of position and influence, and might possibly induce them to get him a secretaryship or a colonial appointment, The kind little heart made its plans; the letters were thought out, and the list of those to whom application was to be made was drawn up; all that Miss Otterbourne needed to know to put all her engines in play was the name and position of the man. But when she approached the subject, however delicately, Josephine winced, changed color, trembled, and entreated permission to leave the room.

"There is no help for it," said Miss Otterbourne to herself; "I must wait till I have gained her confidence. Poor young people! Poor dear girl! She is growing thin and pale here. I can see the change in her. Hope deferred maketh the heart sick. It is only hope deferred, not extinguished. I am clever in these matters; I

will make all right in time."

Miss Otterbourne was warmly attached would succeed to Bewdley after her decease, when he would assume by royal license the name and arms of Otterbourne in addition to Sellwood. The old lady had much family pride in her, and loved to talk of the family greatness, its achievements and its matches in the past. It was a sad thing that Cholmondely Otterbourne, her brother, had died early, and that thus the direct male representation ceased. As the old lady loved to talk, and loved especially to talk of her nephew, on whom her ambition concentrated, she was not silent with Josephine.

"I suppose you have seen him, Cable?" she said. "If you know Mrs. Sellwood, you have no doubt seen the captain. He is a very fine man, and has such splendid eyes, like those of an ox. I wish he would marry. I am getting to be an old woman, and I want to see the young generation settled, and another rising about it. I should be happy, I think, quite happy, with little grandnephews and nieces, nephews especially, trotting about these passages, and up and down the stairs. I am afraid that Captain Sellwood must have met with a disappointment. You have not heard of such a rumor, have

you, Cable?

"There has been no such tale, Miss Otterbourne, as far as I am aware. "I cannot conceive of a girl refusing

has such eves, such ox-like eves. If he has been refused, it must have been by some great heiress, who thinks overweeningly of herself; or by a duke's daughter, or a baroness in her own right. You have seen Captain Sellwood, I suppose, Cable?"

"Yes, ma'am, I have seen him." always spoke respectfully to Miss Otterbourne, as a servant to a mistress.

"What do you think of him? Have you ever seen his equal? Except -"That is not The old lady laughed. quite a fair question;" she assumed a roguish air. "Every girl thinks one man the ideal of what man should be, but after - after that one, eh, Cable?'

Josephine hesitated; then evaded the answer by saying: "I spoke the exact truth, Miss Otterbourne, about there being no reports circulating concerning Captain Sellwood; but I believe it is true, and Mr. and Mrs. Sellwood know it, that he was refused."

"Who was she?" asked Miss Otter-

"A very unworthy person," answered Josephine.

That the captain was certain to visit Bewdley, and that she would have to meet him - she in the capacity of a servant, occurred to Josephine, and made her uneasy. But on further consideration, this uneasiness passed away. It was bred of pride, and her pride was much broken. The prospect that he would come to Bewdley gave her courage and hope. Before he arrived, he would have been prepared to

see her - his father or mother would be

certain to do that. She thought a good deal about him, as Miss Otterbourne spoke of him so frequently; and she trusted that his arrival would relieve her from one of her great distresses. She could mention to him the condition of affairs in the house. As heir to the estate, as the person responsible next to her mistress, he ought to be told everything. Then he could act as he saw She would have fulfilled her duty,

proper shoulders. "Captain Sellwood comes on Tuesday," said Miss Otterbourne one day. "Tell Mrs. Grundy to have the blue room ready."

and the responsibility would rest on the

Josephine drew a long breath. "I am so glad!" she said. The exclamation escaped her unintentionally. Miss Otterbourne looked surprised, and then annoyed, and said no more to her that even-

From The Edinburgh Review. THE CRUISE OF THE MARCHESA.*

In the collection of fables in Sanskrit. known as the Panchatantra, i.e., "five volumes," it is said that "he who does not go forth and explore all the earth which is full of many wonderful things is a wellfrog;" or in the neatly versified rendering of a modern scholar,

The incurious men at home who dwell, And foreign lands with all their store Of various wonders, ne'er explore, Are simply frogs within a well.

Certainly Dr. Guillemard is no well-frog; on the contrary, the author of the work before us - one of the most attractive books of travel ever published as a record of English exploration - has, Ulysseslike, wandered far in distant lands, and in two handsome volumes has given us an extremely interesting account of his adventures and the results of his scientific investigations.

Ignotis errare locis, ignota videre Flumina gaudebat, studio minuente laborem.†

The Marchesa, an auxiliary screw schooner-yacht of four hundred and twenty tons, Mr. C. T. Kettlewell being captain and owner, left Cowes on January 8, 1882; she visited Ceylon, Formosa, the Liu-Kiu Islands, Japan, Hongkong, the little-known islands of the Sulu Archipelago, and the territory of the North Borneo Company. Returning to Singapore to take in stores, the Marchesa then proceeded to Sumbawa, Celebes, and other islands of the Malay Archipelago and to New Guinea; she returned to Southampton on April 14, 1884. Dr. Guillemard gives an interesting account of his visit to the island of Formosa, but a few days only could be spared for a visit. The western half of the island is chiefly occupied by Chinese, while the eastern portion is inhabited by aborigines, of whom an old writer in his "Account of the Island Formosa" says: "You must know that these natives are very wild and barbarous, and that a certain ship called the Golden Lion being driven upon the coast by tempest, they killed the captain and most of his crew." This reputation the natives fully deserve to this day, for certain death awaited every one shipwrecked on the eastern and southern shores of the island for many years, "the

^{*} The Cruise of the Marchesa to Kamschatka and New Guinea; with Notices of Formosa, Liu-Kiu, and various Islands of the Malay Archipelago. By F. H. H. GUILLEMARD, M.A., M.D. (Cantab.) In two vols. London: 1886.
† Ovid, Met. iv. 294.

head-hunting propensities of some of the Formosans being as keen as those of any Dyak." In 1867 the United States consul at Amoy concluded a treaty with Tok-etok, the chief of the southern tribes, by which the latter engaged to protect any stranger who might land, and to permit the erection of a fort as a refuge for shipwrecked mariners. In 1881 a lighthouse was erected at Nan-sha, the extreme south of the island, and this part of Formosa, we are told, "may now be considered tolerably safe, but for any one in search of adventure the east coast still remains open. It is more than doubtful, however, whether the results of the explorer's experiences would ever be given to the world." The gorges and precipices on the east coast of Formosa must be extremely grand.

There are few more stupendous cliffs than those of the Yosemite Valley in California, and if any one wishes for a sensation of height, combined with others, to a novice, of a less pleasing nature, he has only to

hang half-way down
As one that gathers samphire—dreadful trade
in search of birds' eggs over the grand sea
wall of Hoy in the Orkneys. I have dropped
my pebble over the edge of the 2,000 feet of
perpendicularity which the Penha d'Aguia, in
Madeira, opposes to the Atlantic surges, and
have admired the glories of the ironbound
coast of Norway. But all these fade into
nothingness beside the giant precipices of Formosa.

Keelung and Tamsui in the north of the island are the principal harbors; the former town partly owes its prosperity to the proximity of some coal beds, which the Chinese have for a long time worked "in the most primitive fashion;" shafts were abandoned from having become flooded. English miners were imported in 1876, and since that time the output has been steadily increasing, as much as five hundred tons per diem being an estimated quantity. The country round Keelung is charming in its rich green dress of bamboo groves and paddy; but the odors of the town, which Mr. Tainter has stigmatized as the "filthiest town in the universe," are probably unrivalled.

Japan in summer is unpleasant; China more then occasionally oversteps the limits of our powers of endurance; but for breadth and expression, for solidity, tone, and execution, the perfumes of Keelung must rank far above those of either. Here the sanitary imspector existeth not, and carbolic is a thing unknown. No respectable disease can complain of not having a fair field. By all the laws that modern science has taught us, by all our re-

searches in micro-organisms, by every sacred axiom of medicine, we can confidently predict the certain death of every inhabitant in the course of the next two or three days, although, with the habitual caution of a physician, we may admit the possibility of one or two of the strongest lingering until the end of the week. But next day everything is as usual, and the fat old gentleman who constructs the queer little boats that in China do duty for coffins, does not seem to be suffering from any particular press of business.

The island of Formosa, a third part of which only lies within the tropics, is about two hundred and ten miles long and seventy broad. The soundings in the Formosa Strait, which separates the island from the mainland of China opposite Foochow, show the island to be connected with the mainland by a submarine bank submerged to a depth of not more than twenty to forty fathoms. The eastern face of the island, on the contrary, abuts immediately upon a deep sea, soundings of more than a thousand fathoms being found within a short distance of its shores. Here, then, we have "the eastern limit of the vast continent with which at no very remote geological period the islands of Borneo and Sumatra were also united." The zoology of Formosa leads to the same conclusion. The study of the Formosan avi-fauna "shows that this tendency to Indian and Malayan rather than to Chinese forms is most striking." In Formosa there are forty-three species peculiar to the island - an enormous number, as our author says, considering the fact that the Chinese coast is barely sixty miles distant - and of these twenty are representatives of regions other than the adjacent mainland. The same tendency is noticeable among the mammals. These facts, as the late Mr. Swinhoe and the illustrious Mr. Wallace have shown, would lead us to conclude that

Formosa should be classed among the recent continental islands, and also that at the time of its connection with the mainland the ancestors of the Formosan, Indian, and Malayan forms were equally dispersed throughout the intervening, and at that time undivided, continent. After the separation of Formosa and the Malayan Islands, the altered geological and climatological conditions were such as to cause the disappearance of many forms of animal life, except in localities where the required conditions, such as dense forests or high mountain ranges, still remained. The immense number of peculiar species, however, tends to show that Formosa must have become detached from the mainland at some tolerably remote period, for we know, from a consideration of our own as well as of other islands, that the progress of formation of a various kinds, does not hold out any inspecies is one of a by no means rapid characducement as a place of home residence; ter.

There are no active volcanoes in Formosa, but constant evidences of volcanic action throughout the island show that it forms a link in the great chain which runs from Kamschatka southward to the Philippine Islands. Hot springs and solfataras are found near Tamsui, and sulphur, though forbidden by the Chinese government, is produced and exported to Hongkong. The three or four millions of Chinese that people Formosa gain their living chiefly as cultivators of the varied vegetable products of the rich soil. are not a mining people. The country produces enormous quantities of rice in the plains and also sugar; in jute, indigo, tobacco, tea, grass cloth fibre, rattans, and rice-paper so called,* a considerable trade is carried on. The dense primeval forests of Formosa produce an almost inexhaustible supply of camphor. The tree which yields the camphor of commerce is a kind of laurel (Camphora officinarum), and the Chinese inhabitants of Formosa steadily advance in their search for this valuable wood, which fetches high prices at Hongkong and other Chinese ports, but the export of late years has steadily diminished owing to the hostility of the natives, for additional ground "is only gained at the cost of many a Chinaman's head." Formosa, though not strictly tropical, is extremely hot; the rainfall in the north and east is very heavy during the prevalence of the north-eastern monsoon. From November to the end of April more than one hundred inches fall at Tamsui, due to the Kurosiwo, or Japanese current, the Gulf Stream of the East. As the monsoon blows over this heated water, and comes in contact with the great mountain ranges in the north and centre of the island, a surcharge of moisture is precipitated, and to the eastern coasts of China "Formosa acts as a sort of umbrella," and the winter and spring in those Chinese districts are a period of almost uninterrupted sunshine. Notwithstanding its pleasant European name, Formosa, being no stranger to climatic eccentricities of

various kinds, does not hold out any inducement as a place of home residence; "the visitor, unless he be a naturalist, will subscribe to the opinion once expressed before the Geographical Society by a distinguished traveller, that Formosa, like Ireland, is a very good country to live out of."

From Formosa the Marchesa proceeded to the Liu-Kiu (Loochoo) group of islands, which lie two hundred and fifty miles E.N E. of Formosa. These islands have been seldom visited by Europeans, as they lie far out of the beaten track, and the inhabitants are disinclined to permit the exploration of their country. They were visited by Captain Basil Hall in 1816, who gives the first detailed account in later times, in his "Voyage of the Alceste and Lyra;" he describes the inhabitants as a quiet and peace-loving race, to whom traders, rum, guns, and other implements of civilization are practically unknown, and whose natural tendencies seem to be towards virtue rather than vice. The voyagers of the Marchesa were curious to know how far the changes of threequarters of a century had served to destroy the many charms of the self-styled "nation that observes propriety;" and happily, as Dr. Guillemard says, they were not doomed to be disenchanted. Commodore Perry, an American, whose account, however, of the character of the inhabitants does not tally with that given by Captain Basil Hall - for he says the people are ignorant, cunning, and insincere - visited this group of islands in 1854, and spent several months in Okinawa-sima, the largest island of the archipelago; he established a treaty between the two countries, in which the Liu-Kiuans agreed to show all courtesy to vessels sailing under the American flag. These islands are partially volcanic, and "form one of the links in the great plutonic chain that skirts the eastern shores of Asia, and, passing southward through the Philippines and Moluccas, joins the southern and yet more remarkable belt which traverses Sumatra, Java, and the islands to the eastward." Landing at Napha-Kiang on an excellently built pier in the inner harbor, the voyagers were beset by crowds of natives whom curiosity had attracted. It was with the utmost difficulty that they were able to make way through the dense mass of humanity which surrounded them, but there was "no disorder or horseplay, such as would have been the case in England;" not a single woman was visible, but children perched on their fathers'

^{*}The so-called rice-paper used by the Chinese for painting on is the pith of a plant of the ivy family, the Aralia papprifera of Sir William Hooker. Dr. Guillemard says it is peculiar to Formosa, and grows wild in many parts of the island. "It is pared concentrically by hand, and the thin sheets produced are moistened and joined at the edges, and finally pressed and dried, when it is ready for the Chinese artist to depict upon it the discords in red and green he so generally affects."

shoulders regarded the visitors with solemn infantine wonder and quiet approval. The streets have a most peculiar appearance, for the houses are built in little compounds, separated from the street and from one another by massive walls composed of large blocks of coralline limestone, eight to fourteen feet in height and of great thickness, sloping outwards at the base like those of the old feudal castles of Japan, and beautifully built. They seem to be of great antiquity, and the islanders do not continue to build them at the present day; they were originally constructed for purposes of defence. Every man's house is literally his castle, the entrance to which is through a narrow and easily defended door in the high wall.

Within the scene changes, and in a second of time one is transported to another country. The houses, built entirely of wood, and dark brown with age, display their interior with the inviting hospitality so characteristic of Japan. The inmates, ignorant of the chairs and tables of Western civilization, recline peacefully on the thick oblong mats of plaited rice-straw, and play at shattering their nerves with the contents of liliputian teacups and still more liliputian pipes. Outside is the familiar garden that all of us, whether from books or from actual experience, know so well. The pebbly paths leading to miniature bridges over embryonic lakes, the little stone lanterns, the quaintly clipped trees - all are Japanese; and as one makes a rapid passage back to the Liu-Kiu Islands through the gate, not a shadow of doubt remains in one's mind as to the justice, ethnographically speaking, of their having fallen under the dominion of the Mikado.

The vice-governor of the islands was invited on one occasion to dine on board the Marchesa, and he accepted the invitation; he was accompanied by the secretary of the governor, and a little Japanese doctor called Uyeno, who, "possessed of a vocabulary of some thirty or forty English words and nearly as many French," acted as interpreter. "The conversation at first hung fire, but the champagne being very much approved of, it became more lively as dinner went on, and before long every-thing was progressing swimmingly." Though knives and forks were almost unknown to the visitors, they managed them with praiseworthy dexterity after watching the right mode of using them.

Among the many dishes that must have been new to them was asparagus, and it evidently puzzled them to guess its origin. Uyeno's first essay at eating it was not very successful. Looking nonchalantly around, he discovered - and, doubtless, made a mental note of the fact - that this was apparently

one of the few things that Englishmen eat with their fingers, and, with the habitual goodbreeding of his race, endeavored to follow his host's example. Seizing the vegetable by its head, he was at first somewhat dismayed to find it come off in his fingers; but, nothing daunted, he again returned to the charge, got a firm hold lower down, and commenced operations. There are doubtless many things in the cuisine of our country which are more interesting than the butt-end of a shoot of tinned asparagus, and he was munching it with a comical air of mingled wonder and resignation, when one of us, whose gravity was least disturbed by the proceeding, took compassion on him, and mildly suggested that in general there was more nutriment to be obtained at the soft end. His advice was at once adopted, but the sudden change of expression to one of complete satisfaction and approval was so irresistibly comic that we were one and all convulsed with suppressed laughter.

Shiuri, the capital of Okinawa-sima, possesses remarkable fortifications, which include within their three lines a vast area; the masonry is almost Cyclopean in character, and the blocks of stone are joined with wonderful accuracy. Besides the three distinct lines of irregularly constructed fortifications, "there is a perfect labyrinth of smaller walls, among which it would have been no difficult matter to lose one's self; while the citadel within the inner line rises here and there into picturesque towers and battlements, delightful to an artist's eye." Some of the walls are more than sixty feet high and of enormous thickness, and in the old days of bow-and-arrow and hand-to-hand fighting

must have been impregnable.

At the south end of the courtyard of the castle of Shiuri is the entrance to the ancient palace of the kings of Liu-Kiu, a holy of holies into which no European appears to have penetrated previously to Dr. Guillemard's visit. We can imagine the interest with which our author passed between the two huge stone dragons that guarded the entrance, and found himself within the sacred precincts. But, alas! there was nothing but damp and dismal memorials of past Liu-Kiuan glory; as the visitor passed through room after room, through corridors, reception halls, women's apartments, through a perfect labyrinth of buildings, he witnessed only a state of indescribable dilapidation.

The visit to these islands resulted in very little in the way of curiosities or zoological specimens; there seems to be great paucity of bird life; but the shortness of the visit and the crowds by which our travellers were surrounded, prevented islands still remain an almost virgin ground for any future explorer both in this as well as other branches of natural history." From the Liu-Kiu Islands the Marchesa started northward, bound for Kamschatka, through the lonely and misty seas of the north Pacific, and in due time the sharp peak of the Vilutchinska volcano - a graceful cone of about seven thousand feet - revealed the position of the vessel, which soon arrived at the narrow entrance of the bay of Avatcha, which is described as one of the finest harbors of the world. if not actually the finest, Rio and Sydney yielding the palm to their Kamschatkan rival. The scenery of the coast of southeastern Kamschatka, with its precipitous cliffs at the foot of which none but a bird could land, its deep valleys running down to the sea at whose mouths still lay the accumulated masses of last winter's snow, its pinnacle rocks like rows of huge iron teeth, must be superb. Steaming steadily towards land the Marchesa enters the harbor of Petropaulovski, which is little more than a hamlet of about two or three hundred inhabitants, of whom eight or ten are Europeans. If the human inhabitants of the peninsula are comparatively few in number, this is not the case with the sledge-dogs, which abound. Dr. Guillemard describes the sledge-dog as wonderfully well trained, cunning, and enduring, but often obstinate and unmanageable to a degree, being apparently indifferent to the kicks and blows showered on him by his master. He is a good hunter and fisherman, supporting himself upon the game and salmon he catches, but seldom, in spite of his treatment, deserting his master. However, his rapacity is so great that the inhabitants cannot keep sheep, goats, or other of the smaller domestic animals. Raw hides, boots, and even babies, it is said, occasionally vary his diet.

The harbor and rivers of Petropaulovski teemed with fish; and though whiting and herring were abundant, they were left in comparative peace owing to the ease with which salmon were to be obtained. To the ship's crew this place seemed little less than a paradise; the bright sunny weather and cold nights were a pleasant change after tropical heat, and the forecastle mess was supplied with many unaccustomed dainties. It was the intention of the travellers to proceed northwards by land, with baggage and horses, from Avatcha Bay until they struck the head waters of the great Kamschatka River, then to procure boats or rafts, and to float

* The garbusa or humpback, so called from the extraordinary development on the back of the kelt during the spanning season, is the Salmo froteus of Pallas—the Oricorhynchus proteus of recent ichthyologists. This fish, with others, is figured in vol. i., p. 127.

any real work in this direction, and "the | down the stream to the sea, where it was arranged the yacht was to meet them. The account of this journey is full of interest, and is given in graphic but unpretending language, with the charms of freshness and novelty. Marvellous is the supply of fish (Salmonidae) which the Kamschatkan rivers produced. At Narchiki, on a little branch of the Avatcha River, where the stream is not more than eighteen inches deep, Dr. Guillemard began for the first time dimly to realize the vast numbers of fish which annually visit the country, and which may be said literally to choke its rivers.

> Hundreds were in sight, absolutely touching one another, and as we crossed the river our horses nearly stepped upon them. back fins were visible as far as we could see the stream, and aground, and gasping in the shallows, and lying dead or dying upon the banks, were hundreds more. The odor from these decaying fish was distinctly perceptible at a distance of a couple of hundred yards or more. In weight these salmon varied from seven to fifteen, and even twenty, pounds. They were, for the most part, foul fishblotchy with patches of red and white, and of the kind known by the Russians as the Garbusa; * but others in fair condition were to be found, and with a little trouble I was able to pull out three good ten-pound fish in as many minutes with a gaff. Any other method of fishing would have been useless. It would have been nearly impossible to make a cast without foul-hooking a fish, and nine-tenths or more of them were in an uneatable condition.

> The enormous abundance of salmon which thus fill the rivers of Kamschatka is to the new-comer an astonishing sight. The millions of fish that are caught and form the food throughout the year of almost every living creature in the country - the cows and horses even not excepted - are, we are assured, as nothing com-pared with the countless myriads that perish naturally. The rotting fish that lined the banks and in places lay piled in little heaps together are not the victims, as one might be disposed to conclude, of any occasional fatal epidemic; the phenomenon is a constant annual occurrence. The dwellings of the natives are huts, often combined with stables, through which one has to pass before entering the habitable room; the windows are made of strips of bear-gut sewed together, which cannot admit much light. In the corner

of one of these rooms which the travellers entered for lunch and rest, "was the usual tawdry eikon, and facing it a long array of clippings from the New York Police News, full of the choicest horrors of battle, murder, and sudden death"! amid which lively surroundings the travellers consumed their sour milk and bilberries, potatoes and turnips. The party struck the Kamschatka River not far from a little hamlet called Gunal, where there are about twenty huts and a population of about ninety-four souls, all the descendants of Russians who established themselves here with Kamschatdale wives in the last century. At this point, the head waters of the river that was to bear the travellers some four or five hundred miles before they reached the sea, the river is merely a little stream, barely fifteen yards across, and not more than a foot or eighteen inches deep. The travellers continued their land journey as far as Sherowmy, where they dismissed their horse-boys and horses, and began their river journey, which was made on rafts and boats. At the village of Melcova the party ran short of tea and sugar, which they were able to obtain there. The tea in use is the usual brick tea of other parts of Siberia; it is made in cakes about ten inches by five, and three quarters of an inch in thickness, squeezed flat by hydraulic pressure, and stamped with large Chinese characters. "Brick tea is to a Kamschatkan what coffee is to a Lapp. It is found in the very poorest and most miserable hut, and is regarded as just as much a necessary of life as tobacco." The high price of sugar places it beyond the reach of most; the party purchased some at eighteen pence a pound. At nightfall the rafts were run ashore at the nearest beach, and the tents pitched on the stony or sandy edge of the river. The menu was not a varied one, but to our author it was the most luxurious he had ever experienced in camp life.

Soup à la chasseur, boiled salmon, stewed capercailzie or grouse, teal à la Kamschatdale, bilberry jam, and tea and coffee, form a very respectable meal for a traveller whose appetite has been sharpened by the keen air of a northern autumn; and it was but seldom that we failed to do justice to it. And when the journals had been written up, and the birds skinned, and we smoked our last pipe at the enormous fire before turning in, we felt, but for the natives, Kamschatka was as pleasant a country for camping as we had ever experi-

on the heights of the four chief volcanoes lying to the south of the lower part of the Kamschatka River was not lost sight of; their altitudes are given as 16,988 feet for Kluchefskaya; 12,508 for Uskovska; 15,-400 for Kojerevska; and 11,700 for Tolbatchinska. The first-named volcano has a wonderful steepness of slope, and an unbrokenly conical shape, and is regarded by Dr. Guillemard as being one of the best instances that could be given of a mountain that owes its exact height and form to the slow piling up of the ashes and lava ejected from its crater. The Kamschatka volcanoes do not appear to have been active for many years until about nine months after our author had left the country, when "a series of eruptions appear to have taken place which in grandeur must have rivalled those described by Krasheninikof in 1737." It is curious that the only account of these eruptions is given in the Japan Gazette, and that two years after their occurrence the fact was unknown both to the Royal and Royal Geographical Societies. It was synchronous with the terrible catastrophe at Krakatau in Java (August, 1883); further information, however, is needed on this subject.

Arrived at Ust Kamschatka, near the mouth of the river on the east of the peninsula, the travellers' river journey was practically at an end; they were now only four miles distant from the bar at the mouth of the river. Ascending a lookout tower near the village they soon were gratified with the sight of the Marchesa approaching from the south, and thus, after a month's absence, "hit off the time of meeting with an exactness as curious as it was fortunate." The presence of two vessels in the port of Ust Kamschatka. the Marchesa and the Nemo, a Japanese walrus schooner, whose captain was a Swede, was deemed an occurrence so unusual that it was felt something should be done to celebrate it, so a feast and a ball were accordingly resolved on. The Swedes sent various intoxicating drinks; the supper-table groaned with cold ducks, cranberries, brick tea, and other Kamschatkan delicacies; empty bottles served for candlesticks: the ballroom roof was low, and the "six feet three" Swedes had their heads among the dried fish and other odds and ends hanging to the rafters; the band was represented by an old fiddler who, for an uninterrupted period of six hours, gave the company the dance music most in fashion in Ust Kamschatka. The The opportunity for taking observations rank and fashion of the village were pres-

ent; the "fair sex" were represented by | fourteen individuals who sat round the room; these ladies were "just a wee bit fishy." For the rest, our author — who is a most amusing writer as well as a man of science - shall tell his own story:

A dance had just ceased as we arrived, and we took our seats in placid ignorance of what was in store for us. Presently the squeak of the fiddle was heard, and instantly the ladies rushed in search of partners. There was a great move in the direction of the two Swedes and the rest of the party; and as became a modest old bachelor I prepared to faire tapisserie with the papas and mammas. But it was destined to be otherwise, for on raising my eyes I found that two fair damsels were suing for the honor of my hand. . . . The young women were not beautiful. . . . However, there was no time to be lost. The seal-hunter, the American nigger, and the tall Swede were already hard at it, and slipping my arm round the waist of the nearest fair one I plunged blindly into the dance. The affair was simple enough at first. The dance merely consisted in shuffling slowly round the room side by side, the gentleman with his left arm free, the lady accompanying the music with a sort of monot-onous chant. Time was of no particular object, and smoking was permitted; and as we had partaken neither of the cranberries nor the corn brandy, we felt as well as could be expected under the circumstances. not for long, however. Suddenly the music stopped; everybody clapped hands; and, short and stern, the order rang out in Russian, "Kiss." There are moments in which even the stoutest spirit quails. I turned a despairing glance on my partner, and my heart sank within me. All hope was gone! We all know how in moments of supreme emotion the most trivial details become indelibly stamped upon the mind. The scene is now before me. I saw the redhaired seal-hunter bend down to meet his fate like a hero, his green tie dangling in the air; I saw a gallant officer who had served Her Majesty in many climes struggle nobly to the last. Slowly my partner's arms dragged me down . . . the lips stole upwards. I nerved myself for a final effort . . . and all was over! Before the next dance I had fled.

Dr. Guillemard and his party met with good sport near Betchevinskaya Bay, and succeeded in killing several big-horns or Kamschatkan wild sheep (Ovis nivicola, Eschscholtz). This wild sheep frequents the precipitous slopes of the sea-cliffs, and is also met with in the interior of the peninsula; they keep in small herds of | iard." from three to nine individuals. Of the fourteen specimens obtained all were males, whose ages apparently ranged from three without the aid of the admirable illustrato six years. As an illustration of the tions which often accompany them one abundant sport to be obtained in Kam- can almost imagine that one had oneself

schatka, the result of two days' visit to Betchevinskaya Bay, the total bag consisted of fourteen big-horns, some seals, besides teal, duck, and golden plover. Two bears, though badly hit, managed to escape owing to the denseness of the The big-horn is most delicious meat, and it "was declared on all hands that no such mutton had ever been tasted before." The carcases were salted down and preserved for future use; and the men all agreed that there was no country like Kamschatka, where salmon, grouse, and mutton were to be had for the killing. Dr. Guillemard gives a list of the birds shot or observed by his party during their visit to Kamschatka, from which list, and from others given by Russian naturalists, the recorded species number one hundred and eighty-six.

The stay of the Marchesa in the Sulu Islands, a little group north-east of Borneo in the eastern archipelago, extended over a period of about six weeks. Here, says our author: -

I had to contend with the fact that, in many places, that master naturalist, Mr. A. R. Wallace, had preceded us; nothing could be more fortunate for a traveller, nothing more disadvantageous to an author. The "Malay Archipelago" may still be used as the guidebook for those beautiful islands, for they have been almost untouched by the great changes which Europe has witnessed during the last quarter century.

The extraordinary calmness of the sea of these regions struck our author. Not only was its burnished surface unbroken by a single breath of air, but no trace of swell was visible to mar the glassy plain. Everything was aglow with the heat. An-choring off Meimbun on the mouth of a little river, a few canoes with bamboo outriggers came on both sides the Marchesa, somewhat mistrustfully, fearing the presence of Spaniards, between whom and the natives there has been war for more than two centuries. However, the sight of their fellow-countrymen - a little rajah with his suite of three Sulu attendants, to whom the Marchesa was giving a passage from Sandakan, in north Borneo, to Meimbun -soon allayed their suspicions, and the travellers landed in Sulu territory, "where every prospect pleases, with the single exception of being mistaken for a Span-

Dr. Guillemard's descriptions of scenery are always charmingly given, and even

been among the party of travellers. Of the scenery at Meimbun he writes: -

Had I to introduce my readers to the most un-European scene I know of, I think I should ask him to take a seat with me in a native canoe and paddle up the graceful windings of the Meimbun River. At its mouth the huts, built on seaweed-covered piles, form each a separate island. The floors are raised a bare three feet above the level of the water, and one needs not better evidence of the fact that here at least we are in stormless seas. On the palm-stem platforms in front of the entrance the natives squat, while around are playing half-a-dozen naked little Cupids, now plunging into the water, now paddling races in miniature canoes. A little further, and we enter the river, whose water is so clear and pure and bright that one longs to tumble in, clothes and all. Close to the banks lies the market-place, a picturesque jumble of ponies, ripe bananas, red sarongs, palm-leaf stalls, and flashing spears. Beyond, the sea-going praus are hauled up on shore, their unwieldy sterns a mass of quaint carving. Then through a tiny reach bordered by the Nipa palm, whose graceful fronds, thirty or forty feet in length, spring directly from the stream, and we find ourselves in a sort of upper town, where the houses are built with seeming indifference either in or out of the water. The place is the absolute perfection of beauty and untidiness. Overhead the eve rests on a wealth of verdure - bamboo, banana, durian, jack-fruit, and the arrowy betel palm, with its golden egg-like nuts. In these happy climes man's needs grow at his very door. Cold and hunger, misery and want, are words without a meaning. Civilization is far off indeed, and meaning. for the moment, at least, we have no desire

Notwithstanding the proximity of Borneo and the Philippine Islands, their flora and fauna are remarkably distinct. The former is almost typically Indo-Malayan in its zoological features; its flora shows an equally great similarity to that of the Malay peninsula. In its physical aspect also, Borneo, like Java and Sumatra, is connected with the mainland by a submarine bank of great extent, where the soundings are uniformly very shallow; so that at one period of the world's history Borneo was united with and formed the southeastern limit of the great Asiatic continent. It is different with the Philippine Islands, which are markedly insular in their fauna and flora. Only one species of monkey inhabits the archipelago, while the species found in Borneo and other Indo-Malayan islands are numerous. Elephants, rhinoceros, tapirs, and tigers are absent, and there are only a few small rodents. Among the birds, many Malayan genera are un-

represented; while, on the other hand, cockatoos, brush turkeys (Megapodius), peculiar to the Austro-Malayan sub-region of which New Guinea is the central and typical mass, and numerous species of pigeons, inhabit the Philippines. The flora, as far as is known, shows similar peculiarities; many typical Malayan genera are absent, while a large Australian and Austro-Malayan element is present in the archipelago. Dr. Guillemard's visit in the Sulu Islands resulted in an ornithological collection of more than two hundred specimens, comprising sixty-four genera. Before the Marchesa arrived, very little was known of the zoology of the archipelago. Dr. Guillemard's list, though by no means an exhaustive one, is "more than sufficient to show the main source from which the bird life of the archipelago is derived," so that Sulu is "geographically purely Philippine, just as it is polit-

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ically by the treaty of 1885."

The history of the archipelago would consist of little else than a record of the constant civil wars which have raged between the natives and the hated Castilians since the time of their seizure of the Philippines, and their efforts to establish their power in Sulu. By an agreement between England, Spain, and Germany (in 1885), the sovereignty of Spain is recognized over the entire archipelago; i.e., all the islands lying between Mindanao and the coast of Borneo. Spain renounces all claim to north Borneo and a few small islands adjacent in favor of England, and acknowledges British sovereignty over all the islands within three miles of the mainland of north Borneo; and it is stipulated that there shall be perfect freedom of commerce and navigation in the Sulu archipelago. Of the various interesting matters which presented themselves to the travellers in the Sulu Islands we have no space to speak; we will only notice the tree which the Sulus plant in their cemetery near to the carved wooden monuments, - this is a species of Michelia, called by the natives the dead man's flower-tree.

Buddhist and Mohammedan alike plant the Champac above their dead; so should we, too, I think, did our climate permit it. Day after day throughout the year the tree blossoms. Day after day the delicately creamy corollas fall entire upon the grave, retaining both their freshness and their fragrance, unlike any other flower. For how long after they have closed over our loved ones are our graves decorated, Here Nature, kindlier-hearted I wonder? and unforgetful, year after year lays her daily offering of Champac blossoms upon the tomb.

At Kudat, in British north Borneo, where the party stayed a week, Dr. Guillemard was able to add considerably to his zoological collection. In one of the morning's rambles along the pleasant jungle walks and long stretches of beach, fringed with cycas and casuarina, our author came across a small bird (Mixornis bornensis) fast entangled in the web of a spider of the genus Nephila.

These structures in the tropical forests of this part of the world are often of large size and great strength; but I was astonished to find that they were sufficiently strong to capture a bird which, in this instance, was as large as a goldfinch. For the moment my feelings of humanity overpowered me, and I released the captive; but directly afterwards I regretted that I had done so, as the conclusion of the drama might have been of interest. The spider, though evidently somewhat deterred by his unusually large capture and the violent shakings of the web, showed no intention of flight, and quietly watched the issue of events close by.

It was during his visit to these parts that Dr. Guillemard and his fellow-travellers became the fortunate possessors of "the best pet that ever took up his quarters on board the Marchesa." One day Mr. Gueritz, the resident of Kudat, received a present in the shape of a live animal from an English-speaking Malay in the service of the British North Borneo Company, with the following note announcing his arrival:

My bast Compliments to yau. I was sent yau 27 faowels and one while man. Plice Recived By the Bearar and Plice Ped the Bord Hayar and I was sick.—A. C. PITCHY.

The "while man" was an orang-utan, which Mr. Gueritz presented to the Marchesa. He was called Bongon, from the small village at the head of Marudu Bay, which the Marchesa visited. Bongon was a formidable-looking beast, and was enclosed in a large wooden cage, and at first he was fed through the bars with all possible precaution.

One day, however, he managed to escape, and we suddenly discovered that he was of the most harmless and tractable disposition. From that moment Bongon became the pet of the ship, and was spoilt alike by the crew and ourselves. Indirectly this was, no doubt, the cause of his death, a much-deplored event that took place some months later on the coast of Celebes.

There is an admirable engraving of Bongon on page 105 of our author's book. No doubt it is a very striking likeness; philosophic inquiry and good-humored

sociability are stamped on the pet's countenance.

The Marchesa visited Sumbawa and the neighboring islands of Flores and Samba, which lie east of Java. Sumbawa is about one hundred and seventy miles long, and is tolerably thickly populated, chiefly with people of Malay race. These islands are but little known to Europeans. They are Dutch possessions. There are two sultanates, Sumbawa and Bima, over which the Dutch exercise a certain amount of authority. A Kontroleur resident at Bima is the sole European upon the island. A marked difference between the island of Sumbawa and the islands of the Sulu group at once struck the travellers; the surrounding country was parched greatly, and the trees were nearly as leafless as our own in winter. From April to July little or no rain falls, and the buffaloes move along in clouds of dust. This is due to the south-east winds, which sweep over the dry desert lands of Australia and parch up the countries that lie in their path as far as Java. It was the intention of the travellers to visit and, if possible, ascend Tambora, which was once the scene of one of the most appalling volcanic eruptions ever known. Owing to the dense and thorny jungle that clothed the sides of the mountain, and to the absence of the slightest track, the idea of an ascent was deemed nearly impracticable, or at least attended with too many difficulties, and was abandoned. The great eruption, of which Mr. Wallace has given an account, began on April 5, 1815, was most violent on the 11th and 12th, and did not entirely cease until the following July. The sound of the explosions was heard over eleven hundred miles in one direction, and over nine hundred in a nearly opposite one. Whirlwinds carried up men, horses, cattle, and whatever else came within their influence, into the air; large trees were torn up by the roots and covered the sea with floating timber; streams of lava flowed to the sea, destroying everything in their course. Ashes fell in thick quantities and rendered houses at Bima, more than sixty miles away, uninhabitable. Along the seacoast of Sumbawa and neighboring islands the sea suddenly rose to the height of from two to twelve feet, and vessels were forced from anchorage and driven ashore. The town of Tambora sank beneath the sea and remained permanently eighteen feet deep where there had been dry land before. Out of a population of twelve thousand persons inhabiting the province of Tam-

There is an enormous gap on the northern side of the lip of the crater, through which a stream of lava has burst and torn its way through the forest to the sea; but the scars which in Europe would remain for centuries to witness to the phenomenon of a mighty eruption are soon hidden by the rank vegetation of the tropics. Thus

has it been with Tambora.

The avi-fauna of Sumbawa exhibits a mingling of the Indian and Australian forms, Sumbawa being on the outskirts of the Austro-Malayan sub-region. Indian forms occur with genera of Australian origin. Birds were numerous in the fruitgardens in and around Bima; the bag at the end of a long day contained over sixty specimens; among them was a Zosterops (Z. sumbavensis) — a genus of insessorial birds new to science, with a brownish head and the rest of the body a pretty golden yellow. Nightjars (Caprimulgus) hawk over the dried-up padi fields in hundreds. In no other part of the world had Dr. Guillemard ever seen birds of this genus in such extraordinary abundance. The marketables are chiefly dried fish, bananas, and excellent tobacco, the greater part of which latter commodity comes from Lombok, a small island to the west of Sumbawa. The tobacco grown on this island would probably be equally good, but the natives do not know how to prepare it. With the exception of a single ship which annually comes to Bima from Mauritius to buy ponies, perhaps not another vessel worthy of the name ever visits the island. Ponies are also exported from Timor and Sandalwood The Sumbawan animals are described as being admirable little beasts, about twelve hands high, of good shape, and up to almost any weight in spite of their small size; in color generally brown or skewbald; their price ranges from twelve to fifty dollars. Dr. Guillemard did not add any of these equine specimens to his menagerie on board the Marchesa.

From Sumbawa the Marchesa proceeded to Macassar, on the south coast of Celebes. The town is not attractive from the sea, the land being flat and low; "the in the society of his fellows." place fairly grilled in the heat." Putting Java aside, Macassar is the most important town in the whole of the Dutch East Indies, and the centre of trade of a vast extent of country. "Batavia is the Singapore of the Dutch; Macassar their Hongkong." An Englishman is seldom found in these regions, and our ships rarely cruise in their waters. Of the dress and the dreadful scourge. "Float the liver,

bora, it is said only twenty-six survived. | Dutch customs in Macassar our author gives a full account. A ceremonial call is generally at 7 P. M.; dinner at a quarter or half past eight; a frock coat with tails is a sine quâ non; a dress coat and waistcoat are considered de rigueur; but a frock coat, or even "a cutaway," may be worn, we are told, without a breach of decorum. The trousers should be white, and a hat, if only carried, is indispensable; though in the Dutch East Indies head coverings are not worn by either sex after sunset. The guests are seated, generally in the verandah, round a table, and Port, Madeira, and Hollands and bitters are, in defiance of the climate, placed before them; Manila cheroots are handed, for smoking is universal. The ladies in way of dress are far in advance of their Anglo-Indian sisters, and suit their attire to the climate. In the morning they appear in native costume - "a short, lace-edged kibaya of thin white linen buttons up to the throat, and a silk sarong reaches to the feet, which are without stockings and clad only in a pair of gold-embroidered Turkish slippers." The effect, especially in young and pretty women, is said to be decidedly good. The society in Macassar was found very pleasant; almost every one spoke English or French, as well as his own language. An entertainment, to which the travellers were invited, was a private theatrical performance followed by a ball given in a public hall, which on Sundays served the purposes of a church. A large number of people were present, and an astonishing proportion of the fair sex of the "chocolate ladies," as they are here termed, may be included in that category. The Dutch official in these regions must serve for a number of years, perhaps fifteen, before he can obtain furlough, so he forgets his fatherland and the ladies thereof, and marries not perhaps a half-caste, but one "whose dark hair and rich warm coloring betray the presence of other than European blood. Should his constitution survive the ante-prandial port and bitters, he retires to Batavia or Buitenzorg on the completion of his term of service, and spends the remainder of his life

> At the theatrical entertainment the acting was good, but the blijspel (comedy) rather heavy. At the ball the supply of champagne - a favorite wine with the Dutch - was inexhaustible. It is supposed to have a prophylactic power against cholera, whose advent was expected, and the guests were instructed how to avoid

my dear sir, keep your liver constantly floating in champagne, and you will never catch the cholera," was the advice given; and "every one certainly seemed to act up to it to the best of his ability." While at Macassar the king of Goa gave a housewarming, to which most of the Dutch and German residents were invited. Though on friendly terms with the Dutch, he gives a considerable amount of trouble from the proximity of his dominions to the town, for robberies are not unfrequent. The entertainment ended with cockfighting, a favorite sport of all Malays.

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The spurs used were about three inches long, and made of the blades of razors ground down to excessive thinness. With such weapons there is but little cruelty in the affair. waited to see a main fought before we left. The king and other royal personages made their bets; the combatants were placed opposite to one another; they made two feints, and in less than half-a-dozen seconds the vanquished bird lay motionless on the ground. Had he met his fate legitimately at the hands of the poulterer, his death could not have been more rapidly effected.

At Menado, in north Celebes, the travellers made their first acquaintance with the kanari nut, said by Dr. Guillemard to be incomparably superior, when eaten fresh, to any nut he ever tasted. The tree grows to a great height; a shell of extreme hardness — so hard as to require a hammer to break it - encloses a fleshy fruit of one to three kernels covered with a thin skin; and this being removed, "the nut falls into a number of irregular flakes, snowy white, and of delicious flavor." The black cockatoo of New Guinea (Microglossus aterrimus) has an enormously powerful beak, and is able to open the nut therewith. "The labor is considerable, but the bird may be considered to be amply rewarded." Mr. Wallace found the kanari tree in the dense forests of Batchian, an island of the Moluccas. A much-prized addition to the collection was made in this part of Celebes (Menado) in the shape of a young bull Sapi-utan (Anoa depressicornis), which a native brought alive. This animal, one of the many peculiar Celebesian forms, has a small but powerful body, and clean limbs; it is a species of buffalo, with short, rather slender, depressed horns, which are ringed at the base and point nearly straight back-The specimen, about two years old, was tame and tractable, and was and firing. destined for the Regent's Park Zoolog-ical Gardens; but unfortunately it never mediately upon the trees at the edge of reached England, having died on the the beach." Here the maleo considers

homeward passage from the effects of a gale of wind in the Bay of Biscay. collection of live birds and other living things, which at a later period of her cruise almost "turned the Marchesa into a floating zoological garden, made its first real commencement in northern Celebes." Among other curiosities, the most interesting of all the additions to the menagerie was a tiny lemuroid animal (Tarsius spectrum, Geoffroy), which a native brought. This small, active creature - about the size of a rat - is arboreal and nocturnal in its habits; it is covered with a very thick, soft, woolly fur; the tail is long, the root and tip are covered with hair, the middle portion being nearly bare. The eyes and ears are enormous, and seem to make up the greater part of the face, the jaw and nose being small. The hind limb at once attracts attention, for the tarsal bones are of great length. This peculiarity has given the animal its scientific (generic) name. "The hand is equally noticeable for its length, the curious claws with which it is provided, and the extraordinary disc shaped pulps on the palmar surface of the fingers, which probably enable the animal to retain its hold in almost any position." The specific name of spectrum alludes to the terror which the animal, with its curious-shaped face and sudden appearance at dusk, excites in the minds of the natives of the East Indian Archipelago. The little captive would remain still in its darkened cage by day, "but at night, especially if disturbed, it would spring vertically upwards in an odd, mechanical manner, not unlike the hopping of a flea." As it would not eat the cockroaches, the only food obtainable, it only lived till the third day, when "it found a grave in a pickle bottle, and was duly consigned to a shelf in the Mar-chesa's columbarium." This weird-looking little creature appears in an illustration on p. 184, vol. ii., of our author's work. We believe that no living specimen has ever been brought to England.

At Likoupang, near Maim Bay, north Celebes, itself a small bay about ten miles across, numbers of a peculiar bird, sole representative of its genus, the maleo, were seen vigorously digging on the shore. The only successful plan of shooting specimens was "to approach as near as possible without being seen, then suddenly to run in upon them, waving one's arms The birds, instead of running

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putting to flight a fellow-victim on the same branch; thus the party secured a good series of skins and delicious food. The bird, which is about the size of a small turkey, is peculiar to the island of Celebes, and belongs to the family of Megapodes or mound-builders, gallinaceous birds, characteristic of the Australian region: but, unlike most of the Australian and Papuan birds, which construct a mound of sticks, sand, and leaves, the maleo uses the gravel of the sea-beach alone wherein to hatch its eggs. eggs are of enormous size, quite disproportionate to the size of the bird. No regular mounds are made, but the beach presents a series of irregular elevations and depressions, which Dr. Guillemard compares to the surface of a rough, confused sea. The eggs are not found at the bottom of the depressions nor on the summit of the mounds, but in shallow trenches and the slopes of the irregular hummocks. The natives, who are adepts in the art, probe the gravel with a fine stick. "When the egg has been just covered, this is of course much looser, and the stick passes in readily. The gravel is then scraped away, the stick again used to make certain of the direction, and, finally, the egg is disinterred, often at the depth of a yard or more below the surface. The heat of the beach, on which the sun is always shining, is considerable." Cock birds dig as well as hens, and throw up the sand in perfect fountains; but the maleo does not scratch alternately with both feet like the common fowl; he poises himself on one leg and gives several rapid digs with the other; the large foot — he is rightly called Megapode — "is broad, solid, and slightly webbed at the base of the toes, and is nearly as effective as a man's hand would be." After the eggs are deposited in the sand or gravel no further notice is taken of them by the parents.

The island of Celebes presents more curious problems for solution than any other island in the world, and the abnormal size of the maleo's egg is one of those problems. Why should the egg be so disproportionate to the size of the bird? Each egg ready for extrusion is so large that it fills up the abdominal cavity, but the next egg in the ovary was found by Dr. Guillemard to be about the size of a cherry, so that some days must elapse before it would be ready for extrusion. Dr. Guillemard's theory to explain the size of the egg seems to us perfectly sat-

himself safe, and can be shot without even | ing birds would be exposed to much risk; buried beneath a layer of sand or within a mound, they are comparatively safe. But the depth at which the eggs are found is often three feet or more. "If the weight of a superincumbent mass of gravel of this thickness be taken into consideration, it will be seen that it must be such that no chick of ordinary size could force its way through it to the surface;" hence the necessity of a large egg and a powerful chick, " which are adapted to the peculiar nesting habits of the species." Wallace thinks that the instincts of the bird have been made to suit its unusual ovulation; our author, that the ovulation is dependent upon habits which have been adopted for the preservation of the species. While staying at Limbé Island, which lies to the east of north Celebes, the party made preparations for hunting babirusa, or wild "pig-deer," so named by the natives from the long slender legs and curved tusks of the animal, which bear some resemblance to horns. This extraordinary creature is one of the Suidæ or hog family, and has four tusks; the pair in the lower jaw are long and sharp and formidable weapons of attack, the upper pair do not grow downwards in the usual way, but curve backwards almost to the eyes. What is the use of these horn-like teeth? Here is another curious Celebesian problem. At present no satisfactory reason has been given as to their use. Mr. Wallace thinks that these tusks were once useful, and were then worn down as fast as they grew; but that changed conditions of life have rendered them unnecessary, and they now develop into monstrous forms, just as the incisors of the beaver or rabbit will go on growing if the opposite teeth do not wear them away; and this seems to us a probable explanation. Two days' bag showed six wild pigs and four babirusa. The old boars are ferocious antag-One of the hunting party had a onists. narrow escape; an old boar got entangled in the meshes of the net by his tusks, and the natives ran up to spear him; he broke loose, however, and scattered his foes in all directions; one man took to a tree.

The babirusa pulled up at the bottom, and to our intense astonishment proceeded to verify the statement made by the Hukum Kadua at Likoupang, by trying to scramble up the sloping trunk after his antagonist. How far he would have ascended we unfortunately never had the opportunity of knowing, for he had hardly got his feet off the ground before his progress was stopped by a ludicrous isfactory. The eggs of large ground-nest- incident. Anxious to escape, the man had got too far out upon a branch. It gave way, and the unlucky hunter was suddenly deposited on his back within a yard or two of the formidable needle-pointed tusks of his adversary. Fortunately the attention of the latter was diverted by another native, whom he immediately charged. The man stood his ground in the most plucky manner, crouching and receiving the charge at the point of his razoredged spear. It entered just in front of the shoulder, and although nearly knocked over by the shock, he contrived to keep the animal off for the few seconds necessary for his companions to run to his assistance. Even with four spears buried in his body the old boar died game, striving to the very last to get at his antagonists.

The peculiarities of the Celebesian fauna have been already alluded to; the anoa, the babirusa, and a black baboonlike ape are without near allies in any of the neighboring islands. The birds also are remarkable for the same reason; the butterflies and other insects show similar peculiarities: so that Celebes, notwithstanding the proximity of the surrounding lands, became isolated at a very remote geological time. On the arrival of the Marchesa at Ternate, a small island of the Moluccas, the voyagers visited the resident, Mr. Van Bruijn Morris, who had just returned from a voyage to New Guinea, and possessed an extensive collection of natural-history curiosities. aviary contained a great variety of the rarest and most beautiful of the parrots of the Papuan region, amongst them the rare Pesquet's parrot (Dasyptilus Pesqueti), half vulturine in appearance, the face and throat being bare; it is a native of the mainland of New Guinea.

The gems of the collection were two superb specimens - both full-plumaged males - of the twelve wired bird of paradise (Seleucides). The native prepared skins seen in European museums give no idea of the glorious beauty of the living bird. The sub-alar plumes, whose prolonged and wire-like shafts have given the bird its English name, are of a rich golden yellow, and the pectoral shield, when spread, shows to advantage its tipping of me-These exquisite creatures tailic emerald. were fed on the fruit of the Pandanus, with an occasional cockroach as a bonne bouche. In devouring the insects, which they did by throwing them in the air and catching them again, they displayed the wonderful grassgreen coloring of the inside of the mouth and throat. The feelings of admiration with which I watched these birds, which are among the most exquisitely beautiful of all living beings, I need not attempt to describe. My reader, if a naturalist, will divine them; if not, no description of mine could ever make him realize the intense pleasure of the first sight of such masterpieces of coloring.

At Ternate there was opportunity to overhaul the ship's gear, get repairs and alterations done on board, dry and arrange the specimens collected, and clear the ship of useless lumber to make room for the "trade" it was necessary to lay in before starting for the New Guinea region. A Dutch friend most kindly took the voyagers, bag and baggage, to his house, and made them his guests till the ship was ready for sea again. Dr. Guillemard mentions this as only one of the many acts of kindness they experienced at the hands of the Dutch merchants and officials in the Malay Archipelago - kindness to which their very pleasant recollections of civilization in these ports were in no small degree due. The list of articles with which the Marchesa was provided consisted of pieces of Turkey red, prints, dark blue cotton, cotton shirts, needles, reels of cotton, packets of pins, axes, assorted beads, bottles of sweets, clasp knives, round gold Chinese buttons, Chinese looking-glasses, musical boxes, Chinese and American tobacco, bars of iron, brass wire, fishhooks, and Malay sarongs. The most marketable of this stock in trade were the Chinese gold buttons, of which the natives made earrings, but the axes and iron were much run after. The Turkey red and cotton proved almost useless, for the Papuan does not set his affections on clothing; neither were the fishhooks in much request, the natives preferring their own clumsy kind, which were generally cut out of the clam or some other shell. Thus provided, the Marchesa proceeded to New Guinea, whither we must now follow her. The visit was to be confined to the portion claimed by the Dutch - namely, the western half -" which from the variation in species from island to island, and the peculiarity in the distribution of the birds of paradise, is perhaps the most interesting to a naturalist." Here, too, the Papuan exists as a pure type. Moreover, Dutch New Guinea was the nearest and most accessible part of the island.

Although but little explored, this, the finest portion of the island, is known to abound in excellent harbors, to possess several rivers, one of which, the Amberno, is of great size; the interior is traversed by mountain ranges, which our author thinks are destined in the distant future to be the site of plantations equal in value to those of Java. In the whole of the vast extent of country which forms the eastern limit of the Dutch possessions, there is not, we are told, a single Dutch settlement of any kind, with the exception

of Dorei, on the north-eastern coast, in | Geelvink Bay, where a mission has been in existence since 1855. Here and in the neighborhood are five Dutch missionaries - the only Europeans in the country whose acquaintance the voyagers made before they left the island. Few are the converts made - little in excess of those who have sacrificed their lives in the cause - but the work still continues. "Shattered in constitution," our author observes, "from the pernicious climate, and depressed by the non-success of their work, their condition seemed to us deplorable, and one could not help regretting that their labors were not transferred to some more satisfactory field." The result of twenty-eight years of missionary work in Dorei Bay gives only sixteen adults and twenty-six child converts, and many lives have been sacrificed to the terrible effects of the climate, for which the pestilential mangrove-clad coasts are in a great measure responsible. The missionaries buy the native children, wherever possible, when very young; but the parents are unwilling to sell their own, so that orphans or the children of slaves alone come into the hands of the missionary. "The Papuan is bold, self-reliant, and independent, and no rapid conversion to Christianity, as has been the case in some of the Pacific islands, is ever likely to take place in New Guinea." Dr. Guillemard's experience of Dorei leads him to think that the mission has had little or no influence over the Papuans; they leave the Europeans unmolested, but their customs and habits remain unchanged. At the time of the Marchesa's visit, an idolhouse, "Rum-slam," which had been acci-dentally destroyed by fire, was being rebuilt in all its former hideousness and

Of the true mop-headed Papuan our author gives a very interesting account. A number visited the ship in their canoes; at first a little mistrustful, they soon shook off their shyness, clambered boldly up the sides, and overran the deck, talking and shouting loudly, examining the novel objects around them. The striking of the ship's bell greatly astonished them, and was the signal for a burst of cheering. Dr. Guillemard saw a roughly carved wooden head-rest in one of the praus alongside, and began to bargain for it. The owner wanted three knives for it; on the doctor's refusal with "an emphatic tida, indicative of astonishment and disgust at the exorbitant demand, the by-

perfection, and bursts into shouts of laughter." The bump of veneration, says our author, appears to be entirely absent from the cranium of the Papuan, who, as far as the white man can judge, is a noisy, ebullient gentleman of distinct socialistic tendencies, though not without a pretty humor of his own, as the following story, the truth of which was vouched for by some Dutch friends, will show: -

During a cruise of a certain gunboat on the northern coast of New Guinea a village was touched at which, up to that time, had never been visited by Europeans. The captain, anxious to impress the untutored savage, arrayed himself in full uniform and landed in company with the surgeon, who was similarly attired. The natives crowded down to meet them in hundreds, and appeared tolerably trustworthy, but before long intimated that they were to pay a visit to the chief's house. This the captain resisted, fearing treachery; but in spite of his endeavors they were carried off, and his guard prevented from following. The hours passed away without a sign of the officers, and the boat's crew waiting for them began to fear the worst. Suddenly a crowd was seen approaching. It parted, and disclosed the gallant captain to his astonished sailors, bereft of his uniform and dressed in alternate stripes of red and white paint.

While in Marchesa Bay, east of Battanta Island, the party obtained ten specimens of Wilson's bird of paradise (Diphyllodes Wilsoni), which is entirely confined to Battanta and Waigiou Islands, though in the latter island it is much rarer. This exquisitely lovely bird, the smallest of all the birds of paradise, has the wings and back scarlet, and behind the head an erect ruff of canary-colored feathers; on the breast is a shield of glossy green plumes which have metallic green and violet spots of extraordinary brilliancy; the two cen-tral tail feathers extend for five or six inches beyond the others and cross one another, and then curve gracefully into a circle of bright steely purple; "but the chief peculiarity of the bird is in the head. which is bald from the vertex backwards, the bare skin being of the brightest imaginable cobalt blue," which, however, fades soon after death, and ultimately becomes quite black. Of the red bird of paradise (P. rubra) which is also confined to Battanta and Waigiou, Dr. Guillemard was fortunate enough to obtain specimens in nearly every stage of development, showing the various changes in the plumage from the sober-colored young bird to the beautiful and quaintly ornamented adult. Of the nesting habits of the birds of parastanders mimicked voice and gesture to dise nothing seems to be definitely known, and though our author offered large rewards to any one who would point out a nest, the eggs and nidification still remain to be described. The natives adopt the following method of obtaining specimens of the Seleucides:—

Patiently searching the forest until he has discovered the usual roosting-place of the bird, the hunter conceals himself beneath the tree, and, having noted the exact branch chosen, climbs up at night and quietly places a cloth over his unsuspecting quarry. The species being exceedingly fond of the scarlet fruit of the pandanus, the roosting-places are easily recognized by the dejecta. The plan would, perhaps, by most of us be regarded as very similar to that counselled by our nurses, in which a pinch of salt is the only requisite; but the noiseless movements of the native hunters overcome all difficulties, and the tree once discovered, the chances are said to be considerably against the bird.

However, it is not so easy to find the tree, and a month spent by the natives employed in the forest resulted in the capture of only one bird. The natives of the Aru Islands, taking advantage of their knowledge of the habits of the great bird of paradise (Paradisea apoda, Lin.), the largest known species, obtain specimens with comparative ease. At a certain season of the year, some time in May, these birds commence their dancing-parties, called by the natives their sácaleli, that are held in certain trees of the forest, on branches affording a clear space for the birds to play and exhibit their plumes. On one of these trees, Mr. Wallace tells us, a dozen or twenty full-plumaged birds assemble together, raise up their wings, stretch out their necks, and elevate their exquisite plumes, keeping them in a continual vibration. As soon, then, as the male birds in gorgeous nuptial attire have fixed on a tree on which to exhibit, the natives build a small shelter of palm leaves in a suitable place among the branches. Before daylight the hunter, armed with his bow and arrows, whose points are round knobs, ensconces himself under cover of the palm-leaf shelter. At the foot of the tree a boy awaits, and when the birds in sufficient numbers have arrived and have begun to dance, the hunter shoots with his blunt arrow and stuns the bird, which falls down, and is immediately secured and killed, without the plumage being injured by a drop of blood, by the boy attendant. Mr. Wallace gives in his delightful work an illustration of this method of shooting the great bird of paradise by the natives of Aru.

Dr. Guillemard gives us some amusing anecdotes of the pet animals on board the Marchesa. While at Kamschatka, a large but not fully developed bear, called Misky, and a charming little Sinhalese mongoose were presented to the voyagers by some Russian officers. Misky was a great favorite, but not altogether a source of unmixed pleasure.

A gallant lieutenant coming on board one day in full dress proved too great a temptation for Bruin, who immediately seized him by the coat-tails. It was found impossible to make him let go until the discomfited officer had reduced himself to his shirt-sleeves, when, delighted with his success, the delinquent shuffled off. He was apparently almost indifferent to pain. A smell of burning being one day discovered forward, one of the crew proceeded to investigate the cause, and found Misky standing upright on the top of a nearly red-hot stove, engaged in stealing cabbages from a shelf above. He was growling in an undertone, and standing first on one leg and then on the other, but he nevertheless went on slowly eating, heedless of the fact that the soles of his feet were burnt entirely raw.

Punishment for his numerous offences was in vain; as he grew older he got worse, "and after having devoured portions of the cabin skylight and a man's thumb, and finished by drinking the oil out of the binnacle lamp, he was shipped to England" on the arrival of the Marchesa at Hongkong, and probably may now be seen in the bear-pit of the Zoological Gardens. As to the mongoose, his sole object in life was mischief.

Whether biting one's toes as one lay asleep in the early morning, capsizing the ink-bottle, or bolting surreptitiously with some coveted morsel from the dinner-table, he was never still; but his greatest happiness - for it was attended with that spice of danger which gives the true zest to sport - was to "draw" Misky. When that unsuspecting animal was rolling his unwieldy body about on deck, ignorant of the proximity of his enemy, the mongoose would approach noiselessly from behind and nip him sharply in the foot. Long before the huge foot had descended in a futile effort at revenge the little rascal was safely under cover, on the lookout for another opportunity, and the bear might just as well have attempted to catch a mosquito. A more thorough little pickle never existed, but, like all pickles, he was very popular, and when one morning he disappeared never to return there was great lamentation among our men. We never learnt his fate. Probably Misky had caught his tormentor, after many months of vain endeavor, and had dined off him.

On the return of the Marchesa from New Guinea, the yacht was like a floating menagerie; the gem of the collection was the twelve-wired bird of paradise (Seleucides nigricans), which got very tame, and would readily eat from the hand. Seizing any cockroach that ventured into his cage, he would throw it in the air and catch it lengthwise, "displaying the vivid grassgreen coloring of his mouth and throat in the operation." He seemed to feel the least fall in temperature, and died before the ship got beyond the tropics. Monkeys sat gibbering on the bulwarks, and large white cockatoos sidled solemnly up and down their perches, cassowaries roamed at will from end to end of the yacht; one young cassowary was as playful as a puppy. "His favorite diversion was to get up a sham fight with a ventilator, dancing round it in the most approved pugilistic style, now feinting, now getting in a right and left. The blows were delivered by kicking out in front." On Sundays the decorum of the service would often be disturbed by the cassowary appearing among the congregation engaged in a lively skirmish with a kangaroo, which entertainment would attract a select gathering of various dogs and a tame pig to see fair play. There were two species of tree kangaroos (Dendrolagus) on board, about the size of small hares. In Australia the kangaroo is a terrestrial animal, but in New Guinea the dense jungle necessitates a change of habit, so that in Dendrolagus we have an interesting instance of a ground animal gradually becoming arboreal; although a tree-haunting animal, it is as yet only a tyro in the art of climbing, and performs the operation in a slow and awkward man-Neither species lived to see England. Before we conclude we must notice one more pet, viz., "a pig of tender age, who had perhaps more character in him than any other member of the menagerie." Chugs was the name of the porcine infant. "In many parts of New Guinea the women make pets of these animals, carrying them about and suckling them with their own babies," but whether Chugs had been so reared is uncertain.

He was striped longitudinally with alternate bands of black and yellow,* and, though hardly more than eight inches long when he first joined the ship, was afraid of no living thing aboard. He roamed the deck from morning till night, chasing the cockroaches and devouring them with much gusto and

smacking of lips, grunting contentedly the while. When tired he would nestle himself up on the curly coat of Dick, the retriever, or alongside the big cassowary, who would regard him wonderingly, and as if debating his suitability for food. Chugs grew so rapidly that he was soon nearly as big as Dick; but he still continued to use him as a sleepingmat, and towards the end of the voyage poor Dick hardly dared to lie down.

We must now take leave of Dr. Guillemard and the Marchesa. The perusal of this work has given us the greatest pleasure; it is one of the best-written, most instructive, and fascinating records of travel we have ever read. The illustrations, by Messrs. Edward and Charles Whymper and J. Keulemans, whether in the reproduction of magnificent scenery, or of figures of men and animals, are all fine specimens of the engraver's art. The book is furnished also with a number of clearly executed maps, and with several appendices of lists of birds and other zoological collections, as well as with a vocabulary of the Sulu, Waigiou, and Jobi languages. Dr. Guillemard evidently possesses high qualifications for a successful traveller; he is thoroughly scientific, and a man of wide general culture, full of energy, determination, and patience, a good sportsman and an admirable narrator, with a lively sense of the humorous and a keen appreciation of what is best to tell and what best to leave untold. Author, artists, engraver, and publisher may all be heartily congratulated on the production of this work.

From The Gentleman's Magazine.
THE SEASON OF THE TWELVE DAYS.

IT is only five days from London to the Piræus, and after eating our Christmas dinner at home and going through the customary festivities we found on our arrival in Greece that we had vet several days to spare before Christmas according to the old style would be celebrated. Our route lay northwards, and, having time at our disposal, we determined to spend the season of the twelve days, as the period between Christmas and Epiphany is called in Greece, at places where we could study the Greeks in their more primitive abodes, and enjoy old Father Christmas in his genuine old style. A steamer landed us at Chalcis, in Eubœa, on Christmas eve, a charming old town, semi-Turkish in character, with the minarets of mosques now converted into shops and barracks for sol-

[•] It is a well-known but very curious fact that the young of wild pigs generally, if not universally, are longitudinally banded, and that this character disappears under domestication.

diers, with a massive and picturesque fortress of mediæval days commanding that celebrated stream the Euripus, the narrow current separating Eubœa from the main land, which changes its course sometimes as often as fourteen times in twenty-four hours.

The landing at Chalcis was somewhat difficult, for the current was racing against us. First we labored up one side of it as far as the castle, which is built in the middle of the stream; then we were twisted round at a great rate towards our ship again; and then another twist carried us into the backwater and landed us on Eubœa. For some time after landing we stood on the bridge and watched this natural phenomenon and the numerous little craft which were going through the same difficulties that we had experienced ourselves, whilst beneath us boiled the rushing water of the current, apparently not intent on changing its course for some time to come; and we thought of the legend which relates that Aristotle sought to drown himself with despair because he could not discover the causes of this natural wonder, which baffles even the learned of this scientific age. The views around us were superb. Chalcis, with its walls and towers built on a projecting tongue of land; the circular bay of the Holy Minas, which serves as a port for the town, dotted with pretty caiques with gay-colored sails; to the east the mighty snow-clad peak of Eubœa, Mount Delphi, made an exquisite background to the red roofs and towers of the town. To the west rose the Bœotian Mountains on the mainland, joined to Eubœa by a bridge. Somewhat loth to leave this glorious scene, we followed the porter who carried our luggage through some tortuous streets, and found ourselves in a miserably dirty inn, established for Christmas. Of course we carried sheets and towels with us; for when it is considered time to wash these articles in a Greek inn I know not; generations of travellers must have slept in those that were originally spread on our beds, and used the slippers and the comb which are always provided; but we had severed ourselves from civilization for a purpose, and Father Christmas in his Eastern home cannot be visited without a spirit of resignation and a certain degree of fortitude.

On Christmas eve I bought a cradle from one of the most delightful women I have ever seen, dressed in a long tunic of homespun material embroidered at the edges, and her head enveloped in a yellow

tanned goatskin fastened to two reeds and slung over her shoulders by two cords. She wished me to take the baby too, which was sleeping in it; but this I declined. The result, however, of making this extraordinary purchase, was that I soon possessed a host of eager inquisitive friends, peasants from the mountains, respectable citizens of Chalcis, each and all of them ready to talk about Christmas, and the customs observed by them in its celebration.

As I returned towards the inn, with my cradle concealed as well as it could be inside my coat, I observed some children going from door to door singing ditties, after the fashion of our own Christmas carols, about the birth of Christ, and receiving as they passed by from each housewife presents of dried fruit and eggs. I entered one of the houses, of mean aspect, which are built on the higher slopes of the town, and which form all that is left of the old Turkish town. Here I found many peasants assembled, and very hospitably inclined, inasmuch as they insisted on my gulping down a glass of mastic and eating a spoonful of jam. In a moment of inadvertence I opened the buttons of my coat, and down on the floor fell my cradle, to my intense horror and the astonishment of the assembled peasants. They did not laugh; if they had done that I could have borne it better. "The man has a cradle with him!" they whispered to one another. " Do the Frank men carry the babies?" said another, and it was useless to tell them that I had bought it for a curiosity. I am sure they looked upon me as a specimen of some effeminate race of mankind who mind the babies whilst their wives work in the fields. To change the subject, I murmured that I had come to spend Christmas amongst them, that I wished to know exactly what they did on this occasion; and before I left I received a general invitation to look in any time I liked during my stay at Chalcis and see for myself what are the habits and customs of the Eubœans during the season which we are pleased to describe by the epithet "festive."

In the first place, it must be clearly understood that Christmas-time to a Greek is by no means considered as festive; in fact, they look upon the twelve days which intervene between Christmas and Epiphany rather with abhorrence than otherwise; it is to them the season when ghosts and hobgoblins are supposed to be most rampant; it is generally cold, ungenial kerchief. The cradle was made of un- weather, and the Greeks of to-day, like

their ancestors, live contented only when the warm rays of the life-giving sun scorch them. They can get up no enthusiasm, as we can, about yule logs and blazing fires, for they have nothing to warm themselves with save small charcoal braziers capable of communicating heat to not more than one limb at a time; all the festive energies of the race are reserved for Carnival and Eastertide, when the warmth of spring enables them once more to enjoy life out of doors — the only one tolerable when you know what their low, dirty houses are like. The saying thus runs in Greece: "Stop in bed at Christmas, and I verified put on fine clothes at Easter." for myself the fact that this saying is put into frequent practice; for next morning, a dull cheerless day, with a biting cold wind from the surrounding mountains, in almost every cottage I entered I found the master of the house buried under a pile of homespun rugs on the family couch murmuring "Winter! winter!" whilst his wife was bustling about preparing for the Christ-

mas meal. For a month before Christmas every pious Greek has observed a rigid fast; consequently the "table" which on that day is spread in every house produces something akin to festivity. My friends of the evening before begged me to sit down and partake of the meal that they had prepared. It was somewhat of a struggle to me, I must own, for I expected it would not be served in very magnificent style. Still I was hardly prepared for what actually happened. On a small round table was placed a perfect mountain of maccaroni and cheese - not such cheese as we are accustomed to put with ours, but coarse sheep's-milk cheese, which stung my mouth like mustard, and left a pungent taste therein which tarried there for days. Then there were no plates, no forks, no spoons. The master of the house had a knife with which he attacked the dish, and the one which on ordinary occasions fell to the mistress was now kindly placed at my disposal. As for the rest of the family, they were an example of the adage that fingers were made before forks, and these fingers grew obviously cleaner as the meal progressed. What a meal it was indeed, as if it were a contest in gastronomic activity! Yet it was pleasant to see the appetite with which great and small entered into the contest and filled their mouths to overflowing with the savory mess. I was left far behind in the contest, and had, I fear, to tell

and the excellence of the dish, and great was my relief when it was removed and dried fruits and nuts took its place. To drink we had resinated wine - that is to say, wine which has been stored in a keg covered with resin inside, which gives the flavor so much relished by the Greeks. but which is almost as unpalatable to an Englishman as beer must be to those who drink it for the first time. The wine, however, had the effect of loosening the tongues of my friends, who had been too busy as yet to talk, and they told me many interesting Christmas tales.

In the first place, the conversation turned on certain spirits called "lame needles," which every Eubœan woman of low degree will tell you visit the earth at this season of the year; one lame needle, presumably the leader, comes on Christmas eve, and the rest of the tribe put in an appearance on Christmas day. They are dreadful creatures to look upon, and, according to my friends, they live in caves whilst on earth, near which no wise person at this season of the year will venture. They subsist, like the Amazons of old, on snakes and lizards, and sometimes on women, if they are lucky enough to entrap one. These demons are only dangerous at night, from sunset to cockcrow. When not engaged in dancing the lame needles wander about, and do any amount of mischief. It is their custom to enter houses by the chimney; so every housewife is careful at this season of the year to leave some embers burning all night, for they dread fire and also crosses, and it is for this reason that at Christmas-time we see so many whitewash crosses on the cottage doors in Greece.

The priests alone have any power over them, and it is to ward off these uncanny visiters that the procession which we saw, of the priests and two acolytes going from house to house, is made on Christmas day; they give each house their blessing, waft the censer in at the door, and pass When Epiphany comes these lame needles are forced to flee again underground; but before they go they take a hack at the tree which supports the world, and which one day they will cut through. In appearance, these ugly visitors are supposed to be goat-footed goblins, far taller than any man; and when they stand erect they are higher than the highest chimney; in fact, I should imagine that they are lineal descendants of the satyrs of old, still haunting their accustomed purlieus. They are more especially troumany untruths concerning my appetite blesome to women, and from amongst these they select as the object of their | nel between Eubœa and the mainland. attack widows and expectant mothers; and no wise woman who may chance to belong to either of these critically situated classes of females would dare to go out at harbor of Volo, the port of Thessaly, a night and fetch water from the well during the season of the twelve days, or she would be waylaid, and, if not eaten, cruelly handled. It is considered as a distinct calamity to a family if a child is born during these days, for these unfortunate children will be sure to walk in their sleep and be otherwise queer, and after their death they will go to swell the ranks of the much-dreaded lame needles.

I will give you a specimen of one of the stories which my friends told me when I slightly threw discredit on the above-described apparitions. It is not a very lively one, but will show the character of the Christmas stories which are current in Greece to-day. The lady of the house it was who vehemently took up the cudgels on behalf of the discredited lame needles, and told the tale which she was sure would beyond all doubt establish the truth of her previous assertions.

"A lame needle once overheard two women settling to get up at night during the season of the twelve days to leaven bread at the house of one of them. Accordingly he knocked at the door of the woman who was going to carry her dough to the other's house, and pretended to be a messenger sent to hurry her. Fearing nothing, the silly woman set off with her dough, accompanied by the uncanny messenger. When they had got a little distance the lame needle turned round and said, 'Stop; I wish to eat you.' Whereat the woman recognized who he was, and, mindful of the fact that lame needles are very inquisitive, she replied, 'Just wait till I tell you a story.' It was very long and very interesting, so the first cock crew before it was finished. 'It is only the black one; go on; I have yet time,' said the eager lame needle. Then the second cock crew, and he said, 'It is only the red one; I have nought yet to fear. Just as the woman had reached the most thrilling part of her story the third cock It is the white one!' exclaimed the terrified hobgoblin; 'I must be gone.'"

I am sure this story is believed in by the peasants of Eubœa, they are still so primitive and unsophisticated; and a dread of these uncanny creatures forms the basis of their dislike to the period which had just commenced.

A steamer touched at Chalcis next day

past the far-famed baths of Œdipsus, past the mountains which look down on Thermopylæ, and next morning we woke in the town which will eventually rise to importance if ever modern Hellas is to have a future. The next event of interest in connection with the season of the twelve days found us at Trikkala, a fortress town on the frontier of Greece and Turkey, at the wretched little inn America, ... where no guest expects a whole room to himself more than he would a whole railway carriage.

Trikkala is very Turkish, having only been in Greek hands for eight years; but though you see mosques and latticed windows at every turn, there is not a Turk left; when his rule is over the Mussulman packs his luggage; he will not be subject to the infidel. It is very squalid indeed, and down the bazaar ran an open drain; but, nevertheless, the walk by the river, a tributary of the Peneus, is pretty, and towards evening women came down to the stream to wash and fetch home water in quaint round bottles. I think one of the most marked distinctions between Turk and Greek is whitewash. Greeks love whitewash. Houses, churches, public buildings, are excessively clean outside, and promise what the interior fails to ful-This is especially remarkable at Trikkala, where the brown mud houses of Turkish days are being rapidly coverted into white Greek ones.

It was St. Basil's eve - that is to say, the Greek New Year's eve, a very marked day in the period of the twelve days, and one on which all make merry. The squalid streets of Trikkala even looked bright as bands of gaily-dressed children, nay, even grown-up young men, went round singing the Calend songs - Greek Calends, that is to say, which, though it is twelve days later than ours, came at last. And on this the eve of the Calends these bands paraded the streets, each carrying a long pole, to the top of which was tied a piece of brushwood, within which was concealed a bell, and to which were tied many scraps of colored ribbon. At each house the singers stopped. The inhabitants came out to greet them and offer them refreshments - figs, nuts, eggs, and other food - which were stowed away by one of the band who carried a basket. Their songs to our ears were exceedingly ugly long chanted stories beginning thus: "To-morrow is the feast of the circumcision of our and carried us north, up the lovely chan- Lord and the feast of the blessed great

Basil." I asked a priest whose acquaintance I had made to copy down one of them, of which the following is a rough transla-

From Cæsarea came the holy Basil; Ink and paper in his hands he held. Cried the crowds who saw him coming, Teach us letters, dear St. Basil. His rod he left them for instruction -His rod, which buds with verdant leaves, On which the partridges sit singing And the swallows make their nests.

Jangle went the bell in the brushwood - " the thicket," as they call it - and out came the housewife when the singing was over, her hands full of homely gifts, in return for which she was presented with one of the silk ribbons from the trophy. This she will keep the whole of the ensuing year, for it will bring her good luck. And after many good wishes for the coming year the troupe removed on to another

house.

Before it was dark we strolled up to the ruined fortress of Trikkala, built on an eminence above the town. The view was enchanting over the surrounding mountains; behind us were Othrys and Pindus; at our feet, towards the north, once lay an old Greek city, now marked by only a few fragments; and among the houses, dotted about amid gardens and trees, flowed the Trikkalinos of ancient legend, the river of forgetfulness, on its way to join the Peneus, of which we determined not to drink, for we did not wish to forget the view; it would be to us an everlasting memory. By the bishop's palace we descended, which is an interesting specimen of Roman and Byzantine architecture in stone and wood; and past the church, with its storks' nests and quaint pictures of fearful saints; up and down winding squalid streets, until we came to the nomarch's house, the representative of the new regime in this corner of Thessaly. We called upon him, and he explained to us the plan they had of replacing the old town by straight streets at right angles to one another. The work of destruction is in rapid progress undoubtedly; but the work of reconstruction, in the present financial condition of Greece, is not likely to progress with equal rapidity, and meanwhile Trikkala will be but a miserable place.

No good Thessalian would think of being absent from the liturgy on New Year's morning, and no good peasant would think of leaving behind him the pomegranate which has been exposed to the stars all for the priest to bless. On his return home the master of each house dashes this pomegranate on the floor as he crosses his threshold, and says as he does so, " May as many good-lucks come to my household as there are pips in this pomegranate; "and apostrophizing, so to speak, the demons of the house, he adds, "Away with you, fleas, and bugs, and evil words; and within this house may health, happiness, and the good things of this world reign supreme!"

In like manner, no good housewife would neglect to distribute sweets to her children on New Year's morning, considering that by eating them they will secure for themselves a sweet career for the rest of the year. And many other little superstitions of a kindred nature are gone through and considered essential to the well-being of the family. In one house we entered on New Year's day we were presented with pieces of a curious and exceedingly nasty leavened loaf, and were told that this was the New Year's cake, which every family makes; into it is de-posited a coin, and he who gets the coin in his slice will be the luckiest during the coming year. Every member of the family has a slice given to him - even the tiny baby, who has not the remotest chance of consuming all his; and then, besides the family slices, two large ones are always cut off the cake and set on one side; one of these is said to be "for the house," which nobody eats, but when it is quite dry it is put on a shelf near the sacred pictures, which occupy a corner in every home, however humble, and is dedicated to the saints - the household gods we may call them - and is not thrown away till after Easter; the other slice is for the poor, who go round with baskets on their arms on New Year's day, and collect from each household the portion which, they know, has been put aside for them.

Every Thessalian, however poor, gives New Year's gift — "for good luck," they a New Year's gift - "for good luck, say; and these gifts, curiously enough, are called ἐπινομίδες — a word which we find Athenæus using as a translation of the Roman term strena for the same gift, which still exists in the French etrennes, and Italian strenne. Even as in ancient Rome gifts were given on this day boni ominis causa, so did we find ourselves at Trikkala constantly presented with something on New Year's day - nuts, apples, dried figs, and things of a like nature, which caused our pockets to become in-conveniently crowded. I fancy it was night, and which they take to the church much the same in Roman days, and probably earlier, as it is now in out-of-the-way corners of Greece. We know how on New Year's day clients sent presents to their patrons — slaves to the lords, friends to friends, and the people to the emperor - and that Caligula, who was never a rich man, took advantage of this custom and made known that on New Year's day he

them at his palace door.

The custom of giving New Year's gifts in Rome grew as great a nuisance as wedding presents bid fair to become with us, and sumptuary laws had to be passed to restrict the lavish expenditure in them, and the earlier Christian divines took ocsion to abuse them hotly, St. Augustine calling New Year's gifts "diabolical," and Chrysostom preaching that "the first of the year was a Jewish feast and a Satanic extravagance." Wishing to Christianize driven a pagan custom, as they always tried to do, these earlier divines invented Christmas gifts as a substitute. Owing to this we unfortunate dwellers in the West have the survival of both Christmas and New Year's gifts; in Greece Christmas gifts are unknown; but there exists not in Greece a man, however poor, who does not make an effort to give his friends a gift on the day of the Calends.

It was by chance that we found ourselves in another remote corner of Greece for the closing festival of the season of the twelve days. We embarked at Volo on a tiny Greek steamer for Salonica on a lovely night, to wake next morning and find ourselves tossing about in a great storm, amongst a small group of islands known as the Northern Sporades. Our captain, much to our annoyance at the moment, told us that it was impossible to proceed on our voyage, for the sea at the mouth of the Thermaic Gulf ran so high that it would be dangerous to proceed. Consequently we put into the best harbor which these islands afford, the island of Skiathos, where we remained for two whole days, and were able to pass most of this time on shore amongst the inhabitants of a pretty and quaint village; and as it chanced to be the feast of Epiphany, or, as they call it, the Feast of Lights, we were not altogether discontented with our

On the evening of the Feast of Lights bands of children again paraded the narrow streets and quay. It seems to me that this is the most favorite Greek method of celebrating a festive season. The peo- the liturgy was being chanted prior to the

ple in no way resent these constant visitors and claims on their hospitality; nay, rather they would be deeply hurt if the bands of children passed them by. songs sung on this occasion, I noticed, are far more religious and less blended with superstitious lore than those I have heard sung on St. Basil's day, May-day, the wanted a dower for his daughter, which resulted in such piles of gold being brought that he walked barefoot upon ing takes place. After some difficulty I obtained the words of one of the Epiphany songs we heard at Skiathos, which began with a somewhat lengthy conversation between our Lord and St. John on the bank of the Jordan, and ended thus: -

And then St. John baptised our Lord, That from the evil hearts of men

Might now be thoroughly cleansed and purged

The sin that Adam first had sinned;

The thrice-accursed foe, beguiler of mankind. Despite the wind which howled and the rain which fell from time to time, we wandered about in Skiathos a good deal that evening. It was such a pretty, primitive little place, built in an amphitheatre round a tiny harbor, and with a quay divided into two parts by an island converted into a promontory by a narrow causeway. harbor was full of caïques taking refuge from the storm; the cafés by the shore were full of sailors from all parts of this eastern sea, and thus the population of the town, which is under a thousand, was considerably augmented. Behind the town rose fir-clad hills, sending out into the sea innumerable promontories, re-minding us much of Riviera scenery. Skiathos is one of those happy places without a history, and without a prospect of creating any. Now, as in ancient times, it is but a dark speck on the Ægean Sea, a place of shade and mysterious repose, from which it has acquired and retained the name of "the shady."

I was anxious to be present at the early liturgy next morning to witness the ceremony of the "blessing of the waters." It was a great effort, for it was still cold and stormy; however, by some process which will never be quite clear to me, I managed to find myself at the door of the one church of Skiathos, with its many-storied bell-tower, soon after four o'clock. Very quaint indeed it looked as I went out of the cold darkness into the brilliantly lighted church, and saw the pious islanders kneeling all around on the cold floor as stood the font, filled to the brim; and close to it was placed an eikon or sacred picture, amongst the saints. In nearly every representing the baptism of our Lord; around the font were stuck many candles, fastened by their own grease; whilst pots and jugs full of water, of every size and description, covered the floor in the im-

mediate vicinity of the font.

After the priest had chanted the somewhat tedious litany from the steps of the high altar in an antiphonal strain, he set off, dressed sumptuously in his gold brocaded vestments, round the church, with a large cross in one hand, and a sprig of basil in the other, accompanied by two acolytes, who waved their censers, and cast around a pleasant odor of frankincense. Every one was prostrate as the priest read the appointed portion of Scripture, signed the water in the font and in the adjacent jugs with the cross, and threw into the font his sprig of basil. No sooner was this solemn and impressive ceremony over than there was a general rush from all sides with mugs and bottles to secure some of this consecrated water. Everybody laughed, and hustled his neighbor in the struggle; even the priest, with the cross in his hand, stood and watched them with a broad grin on his face. The scene was ludicrous in the extreme — a striking contrast to the prostrate solemnity and worship which had reigned amongst the congregation only a moment before.

Very soon the font and the jugs were emptied of their contents, and each worshipper had secured his portion in the bottle or vessel that he had brought with him for the purpose, and an orange which had been floating in the font, for what purpose I could not ascertain, was presented by the priest to one of his acolytes. Before taking his departure for his home each person went up to kiss the cross which the priest held, and to be sprinkled with water from the sprig of basil. Each person had brought his own sprig of basil, which he presented to the priest to bless, and in return for this favor he dropped a coin into a plate, which an acolyte held to receive contributions for the church. Basil is always held to be a sacred plant The legend says that it grew in Greece. on Christ's tomb, and they imagine that this is the reason why its leaves grow in a cruciform shape. It is much thought of by every one. It is a favorite offering from one man to another, and is found in every cottage garden.

When the service was over the congre-

blessing of the waters. Near the entrance | carefully with him his bottle of water and humble Greek dwelling you may see a dried sprig of basil hanging in the household sanctuary. It is this sprig which has been blessed at the Feast of Lights. It is most effectual, say they, in keeping off the influence of the evil eye — that dreaded influence which every Greek mother fears for her tiny offspring, and which every farmer imagines will wither up his crops and shrivel his olive-trees unless it be warded off by priestly blessing and religious intervention.

The day broke finer, and the violence of the storm was over. From the hill above the town, which we climbed, the distant snow-clad mountains of Greece were visible - Ossa, and Pelion, and giant Olympus; around us the sea was dotted with islands, spread over its surface like leaves on the grass after an autumn storm. Yet our captain still lingered, saying that perhaps towards evening we might start, and for this delay I believe I discovered the reason. Towards midday on Epiphany it is customary amongst these seafaring islanders to hold a solemn function, closely akin to the one I had witnessed in the church that morning, namely, the blessing of the sea.

From their homes by the shore the fishermen came, and all the inhabitants of Skiathos assembled on the quay to join the procession which descended from the church by a zigzag path, headed by two priests and two acolytes waving censers behind them, and men carrying banners

and the large cross.

Very touching it was to watch the deep devotion of these hardy seafaring men as they knelt on the shore whilst the litany was being chanted, and whilst the chief priest blessed the waves with his cross and invoked the blessing of the Most High on the many and varied crafts which were riding at anchor in Skiathos harbor.

When the service was over, there followed, as at the service I had attended in the church that morning, an unseemly bustle, so ready are these vivacious people to turn from the solemn to the gay. Every one chatted with his neighbor, and pressed forward towards a little jetty to witness the prospective fun. Presently the chief priest advanced to the end of this jetty with the cross in his hand, and after tying a heavy stone to it he threw it into the sea. Thereupon there was a general rush into the water; men and boys gation dispersed, each individual carrying with their clothes on plunged and dived, until at length, amidst the applause of the impossibility, and thus the primary rebystanders, one young man succeeded in bringing the cross to the surface, stone and all. A subscription was then raised for the successful diver, the proceeds of which were spent by him in ordering many glasses of wine at the nearest coffee-shop, and the wet men sat down for a heavy drink — to drive out the chill, I suppose.

Thus was concluded the last ceremony of the season of the twelve days. The from all anxiety respecting those horrible hobgoblins, which are now obliged to flee to their abode. The mind of the sailor is at ease, for amongst these islands the superstitious mariner avoids if possible entrusting himself to the sea during these days. In many places even you find the boats hauled up on to the beach on the day before Christmas, and nothing will induce the owners to launch them again until after the blessing of the sea. I am firmly convinced that the captain of our steamer shared the same superstitions, though he chose to laugh at the benighted islanders and their funny ways; for a few hours after the sea had been blessed we put out into it, and I should imagine that we could have started hours before if the captain had been so inclined.

J. THEODORE BENT.

From Chambers' Journal. RUSSIAN FISHERIES.

In the Arctic regions, so greatly does fish preponderate over all other kinds of food, that the people there have often been grouped together under the name of ichthyophagi, or fish-eaters; and there have been naturalists who have followed this idea so far that they have been able to discover a fishy type of physiognomy among them. Some of these people in the course of their lives probably never taste any other kind of food; and as its peculiar richness in fat especially adapts it to their requirements of an easily digestible heatgiver, it is well that nature has been so lavish in peopling the waters. So numerous are the individual members of the finny tribes, that they may be said to exist in their myriads, thus forming a striking contrast to land animals, which are comparatively scarce. This abundance of fish arises from the evenness of temperature of water as compared with land. Seaweeds grow luxuriantly in latitudes where land plants of any importance would be an

quirements of a large population of animals are supplied. If it were not for this supply of seaweed, it is not too much to say that the Arctic regions would be almost uninhabited; but, thanks to the consequent abundance of fish, the Eskimo and the Samoides extend themselves to within ten degrees of the pole.

In a cold country like Russia, threequarters of which has a mean annual temmind of the housewife is now relieved perature of only forty degrees - that is, of only eight degrees above freezing-point, and nearly half of which has a mean January temperature of more than twenty-two degrees of frost - there are millions of people who must depend on the sea, the lakes, and the rivers for a very large proportion of their daily food, and who rarely if ever partake of animal food except in the form of fish. To them, the takes of salmon, pike, shad, herring, cod, haddock, and dorse are as much a harvest as the harvest of the fields is in more favored regions. St. Petersburg, indeed, is the metropolis of fish dinners; nowhere else can fish be placed on the table in so many different forms, and nowhere else can so many fish delicacies be procured; there, you may have endless varieties of fish soups; fish baked, boiled, steamed, stewed; fish salad, fish pies, fish brawn, potted fish, marinated fish; fish fresh, salted, dried, smoked, or frozen; and when you have got through the catalogue of most European fish, you may begin again with preparations of fish roes.

The Arctic Ocean and the White Sea are extremely rich fishing-grounds, and furnish most of the trade of Archangel. The fish of this region comprise the salmon, herring, cod, whiting, tusk, coalfish, ling, pollack, and dorse, many of which are sold as stockfish. The Baltic is not so rich, and supplies no stockfish except

But it is in fresh water that Russia stands pre-eminent in Europe. Besides the fresh-water fish, there are the fish, such as salmon, sturgeon, eels, and so on, which ascend the rivers at certain seasons. Each river is let off in sections to farmers, some of whom are great capitalists; while others are obliged to advocate the principles of co-operation, or to fish alone. Some rivers — the Volga, for instance are strictly considered as crown monopolies; others are reserved to the nobles and the townships; but fishing licenses form one of the most remunerative sources of Russian revenue.

The Volga is the richest fish river in

Dniester, 700; Bug, 340; Dnieper, 1,200; Don, 1,100; Kuban, 480; and the Ural, 1,020, - miles in length respectively. Besides these giants, there are hundreds of rivers which may vie in size with our own Thames and Severn; and then there are thousands of sheets of fresh water, for a great portion of Russia belongs to the Baltic region of glacier-formed lakes. These range in size from mere ponds to such a sheet of water as Lake Ladoga, which covers an area of 6,330 square miles, which is equal to more than threequarters of the extent of Wales. Then there are - Onega, 3,280 square miles; Saima, 2,000; Peipus, 1,250; Enara, 1,200; Bieloe, 420; Ilmen, 390; and Pskov, 280. Our own largest lake is Lough Neagh, in Antrim, which only covers 153 square miles. Nor are the Russian lakes mere gigantic horseponds, which might be drained as the Dutch lakes have been; but, like most glacierformed lakes, they have considerable depth. Ladoga has a maximum depth of one thousand feet; while several of the others range down to eight hundred.

From these statements, it will be seen that the aggregate amount of fresh water in Russia available for fisheries or for fish-culture is immense; and it is everywhere thickly studded with pike, salmon, lake trout, shad, thicksnouts, red bream, perch, and carp; while the larger rivers

also vield sturgeon.

The Russian is to some extent prevented from settling down as an agriculturist by the amenities of his climate, but more by his old nomadic blood, so that, in spite of the immense strides which civilization has made in Europe, he alone is still a semi-savage. He still prefers a semi-nomadic employment to farming, and the fresh-water fisheries meet his require-

ments.

In the south-east of Russia is the greatest salt lake in the world, the Caspian Sea, which has an area of 130,000 square miles — that is, an area greater than all the British Islands put together, with an additional island larger than England thrown in extra — and is intimately connected with the fresh-water fisheries of the Volga and the Ural; for the fish migrate from fresh water to salt, and from salt to fresh, there as elsewhere. The great fishery of this region is that for the sturgeon (Acci-

Europe. Its length is 2,200 miles. Other (A. stellatus), the osseter (A. Guldenrivers are the Petchora, 900 miles long; stadtii), and the small sturgeon or sterlet Mezen, 480; Dwina, 760; Onega, 380; (A. ruthensus); also for the salmon, white salmon, and knifefish. The sturgeon family attains to an enormous size, especially the beluga, which sometimes measures twenty feet in length, and weighs two thousand five hundred pounds, though specimens of over one thousand pounds are rare. The sewruga is also a giant; but the other sturgeons are seldom taken above six feet in length. The number of these giants disposed of annually at Astrakhan has in some years been enormous - three hundred thousand sturgeons, one hundred thousand belugas, and millions of the others. No wonder that there are complaints of the failure of the supplies. and, as is usual where ignorance prevails, the mischief is attributed to every cause but the right. "It is because of the steamboats!" says the moujik, and forthwith the moujik hates the sight of a steamboat. But steam or no steam, the sturgeon of the Caspian may soon become as rare a curiosity as Thames salmon.

Astrakhan, the principal Caspian port, is one of the most important fishing-stations in the world. From this region alone the Russian revenue nets about a million pounds sterling for fishery li-censes; and during the fishing season, twenty thousand strangers, ranging in degree from simple laborers to gigantic capitalists, come in to compete with the regular inhabitants for the profits from the

fish industries.

The fishery trades are systematically pursued in Russia, since so much of the national life depends on these industries. As a general rule, a company of capitalists begins by forming a fishing-station (utschiug); and here they make a dam; they catch the fish; they manufacture nets, harpoons, traps, and lures; they convert fish refuse - heads, bones, scales, entrails, and sounds - into glue, gelatine, and isinglass, or even into manure: they split, clean, salt, smoke, or freeze the fish; and they distribute them through the country to their agents for sale, much of this latter work being done by sledges in winter, to save freight. They also pursue the more lucrative fish industries, such as manufacturing the finest kinds of isinglass and gelatine, as well as that curious fish product known as caviare. "'Twas caviare to the general," wrote Shakespeare, when the Russian Company of London introduced it to this country; and unless men penser sturio), and its kindred the great train themselves to like it, just as they sturgeon or beluga (A. huso), the sewruga train themselves to eat olives, they are still likely enough to splutter when they | for a background; it is weird to hear the get a mouthful of it. Caviare is the roe of the sturgeon tribe of fish; but salmon and pike roe are usually added, to assist in increasing the bulk. The roe is cleaned, then washed with vinegar, salted, and dried, when it is packed in casks. The best quality is prepared more carefully from the sturgeons alone. The salting is conducted in long narrow bags of linen, which are hung along a cord and half filled with roe. A very strong brine is then poured into each bag until it overflows. When the brine has all passed through, the bags are taken down, carefully squeezed, to expel all superfluous liquid, and after a short exposure to the air, packed in casks. The finest quality of caviare made is that prepared from sterlet roe; but this is said not to find its way into commerce, being reserved mainly for the czar's table. It has been stated that three and one-half million pounds of caviare are annually packed at Astrakhan alone.

Every known method of fish-capture is probably pursued in Russia, from the spear to the hook, and from the net to the trap; but as the Russian fishes for commerce, and not for sport, the sanity of a man who prefers a "fly" to a dragging-net would be strongly questioned. In other words, "legitimate sport" is a consideration which never enters a Russian's head. The fishery is the best harvest, and the best man is he who boasts the biggest take. The fishing-season is a time of joy, for then each man knows he is laying in a stock for the winter, or is earning his best wages. At the fishing-season, therefore, the villages are full of life and merriment. Bonfires are lighted on the shore, to prepare food for the fishermen, and carts are held in readiness to take the monsters off at once to the cleaning-houses, where men and women are busily engaged in the various processes.

Night expeditions are preferred by the villagers. Beyond the prow of the boat hangs an iron cage, in which burns a fire of pine logs. The fish come in shoals towards the light, and a man standing in the boat harpoons them with a spear of three prongs. Now and again, down goes the spear; and when it is drawn in, a finny monster is wriggling on its prongs. This is drawn into the boat by means of hooks, and the men immediately row to the shore with their prize. It is a weird sight to see the immense expanse of water dotted with these moving fires, and surrounded by the stationary fires of the bers; but in the best-regulated fish-vilencampment, with the dark pine forests lages, the modern economic chemist has

shouts from boat to boat, and the loud merriment of those on shore.

The capitalists who fish for a season go to work more systematically. They first of all construct an utsching or fish-dam. Stout poles long enough to project a foot out of the water are driven into the bed of the river until they reach right across. A strong rail joins the tops of these posts; and to this are fastened constructions of basket-work which do not touch the bottom. On this arrangement, against the stream, are placed a number of chambers or compartments of basket-work with a swing flap or door. When the fish comes against the flap, it opens, admits the fish into the compartment, and then closes. Occasionally, such a chamber is lowered into the water by itself by means of a number of ropes. In these compartments are arranged several strings, attached to floats in such a way that by watching the floats it is easy to see when a capture is made. In winter, one of these compartments is let down through a hole in the ice, and a hut is erected close by for the watchers. Sometimes, especially in winter, the telltales, instead of being attached to floats, are fastened to bells, so that the attendants may remain on shore by their fire until they hear the fish ringing his death-knell.

Occasionally, a cable is sunk into the water; to this are attached a certain number of night-lines baited with a kind of fish known as an obla. Whenever the compartments or night-lines are examined, a man stands ready with a strong gaff, which he plunges smartly into the gills of the fish as soon as it appears on the surface. A rope is immediately fixed to the gaff, and the boat makes for the shore, where the fish is more readily despatched. The cleansers commence operations by beheading their fish; they then open it and carefully remove the roe, which is placed by itself in a tub, and sent off to the caviare works. The sounds are next taken out and hung up on a long line to dry in the sun. The inner fat is now scraped out, and sent away, to be clarified and made into a kind of fish butter. The flesh is last of all cut up into convenient slices, and salted or smoked as the case may be, or preserved in ice, to be sent all over Russia as fresh fish.

Some years back, the entrails and refuse were thrown away, and were at once seized by cormorants, which came in great numset to work to convert all this refuse into | isinglass, glue, or manure. He acknowledges nothing as "waste," and has not only banished the word from his vocabulary, but has actually shown that some of the most solid profits of a fishery are realized by "gathering up the fragments."

From St. James's Gazette. PHYSICAL DETERIORATION AMONG THE LOWER CLASSES.

SIR THOMAS CRAWFORD recently delivered an address at the Congress of the British Medical Association in Dublin. Referring to the boasts of the champions of sanitary science as to the prolongation of life which has been secured through improved sanitary arrangements, he said there was evidence of perceptible deterioration or degradation of life in the lower order of people. An analysis of the results from 32,324 examinations of men made by army surgeons from 1860 to 1864 inclusive showed that during those years, in which the number of men required for the army averaged 6,465, and permitted therefore a stricter investigation of physical fitness both by recruiters and surgeons, the rejections from all causes were only 371.67 per 1,000; while out of 132,563 men examined between 1882 and 1886 inclusive the rejections were 415.8 per 1,000. A careful examination of those tables led to the inference that the lower class, from whom the recruits for the army are chiefly taken, are of an inferior physique now to what they were twentyfive years ago. The recruits drawn from town-bred populations gave by far the larger proportion of rejections; while the causes of rejection usually indicate a decidedly inferior physique. The rejections from defective vision and diseases of the eye were nearly 42 per 1,000, exclusive of on this important subject.

all those whose defects of vision were so obvious as to attract the notice of the recruiter and who would be thus excluded. There was a peculiar form of ophthalmia which, wherever it was met with, whether in military or civil life, was mainly caused by the vitiated atmosphere arising from overcrowding. Of late years that scourge had been practically banished by the sanitary improvements that have been introduced into barracks. It was to his mind the most striking illustration of what such measures could accomplish, and there was no longer any excuse for the existence of the disease. As with the blind so with the insane. What were the causes which produced the very large class of sufferers included under this head? He might be told these causes were moral, lying beyond the proper sphere of the sanitary officer; but was it really so? They must look to improved personal hygiene, especially during the training of the young, if they desired these classes of breadwinners so reared that they might enter upon the struggles of life both mentally and physically fit; and if that be so with the bread-winners, why not still more nec-essary in regard to the genesis of the future race? The habits of the people, too, had a very marked effect upon the development or deterioration of the species. Look at the effects of physical culture as seen in the upper and middle classes of England at the present time, where every well-regulated school has its gymnasium, every village its cricket-ground, and every house its lawn-tennis courts, and compare the young men and women to be seen there with the dwarfed specimens of humanity in the overcrowded slums of the large towns. The result of such a contrast will convince the most sceptical not only of the value but also of the necessity of educating public opinion

RUSSIAN QUICKSILVER. - Quicksilver has feet deep, supplied with the necessary mabeen long known to exist in the Ural Mountains and in the district of Nertchinsk, but the mines were never turned to account. That found several years ago near Nikitofka Sta-tion, on the Koursk-Kharkoff-Azoff Railway, Bakhmoot district, province of Ekaterinoslav, is now being worked by a company under the superintendence of Mr. Minenkoff, mining engineer, who discovered this precious metal. A pit is being sunk two hundred and eighty hundredweight of mercury.

chinery and appliances for the production of quicksilver, store-rooms, etc., and dwellings for the miners are also being erected. All the works just mentioned will shortly be com-pleted. Up to the present, about three thousand tons of ore containing cinnabar have been extracted. The ore, it is calculated, will render one per cent. of metal, and it is proposed to turn out annually about thirty-two hundred



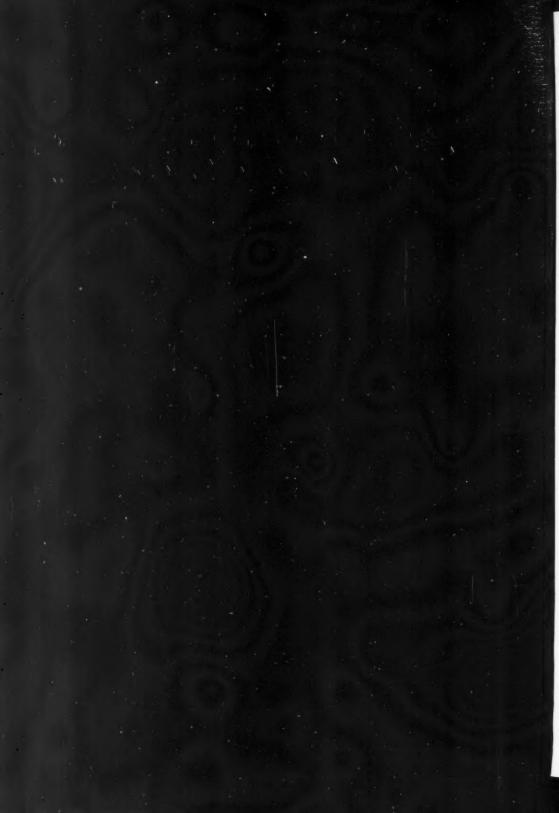
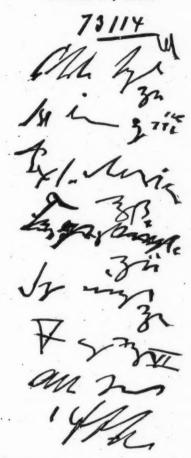


Illustration in THE MEDICAL AND SURGICAL REPORTER for October 15, 1887.



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